THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY AUGUST 21, 1858.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1934.

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MISS OLIVE E. PAINE.

We are homeward bound! we are homeward bound!
With hearts so light and free;
Speed on, brave bark, to the hallowed ground,
To the land of the brave and free!
We are going home—away! away!
How dear to our hearts the sound;
'Tis joy to feel that we tread to-day,
The deck of the homeward bound.

Oh, swift we glide o'er the feathery crest
Of the beautiful blue sea;
The storm-king's voice is hushed to rest,
And the breeze blows soft and free.
We'll sing of our native land once more,
Let the joyous song resound—
God bless forever our loved on shore,
God speed to the homeward bound!

Hope brightens the hours that pass to-day,
Joy beams in the glad sunshine,
In the free blue air, and the dashing spray,
And there's joy in this heart of mine.
I dream of the peaceful and quiet vale,
And the green hills—forest crowned—
Where fond eyes watch for the snowy sail
That floats o'er the homeward bound.

I have wandered long over land and sea,
'Mid scenes of strife and blood;
On the wild and stormy battle field,
With the bravest, foremost stood.
I have roamed o'er India's trackless sand,
And dwelt amid Polar snows,
'Mid the shining mines of the "golden land,"
And where blooms the tropic rose.

I have startled the Indian in his hut,
And the wild beast in his lair,
O'er the prairie roamed, and the rocky height,
And heard the Idolater's prayer;
I have tarried amid the sacred vales
And cities of Holy Land,
'Mid the breathing balm of southern gales,
Have sighed at the tyrant's hand.

'Mid softer scenes, and sunnier climes,
My wandering steps have strayed,
I have listed the song, 'neath the myrtle vines,
Of Italy's dark-eyed maid.
I have moved in the stately halls of pride,
Where soft eyes glanced into mine,
Where music and mirth kept pace with the hours,
And sparkled the flowing wine.

But wherever I roam no scene is so bright,
No spot is so dear to me,
No hearts shine forth with the true love-light,
Like those 'neath the household tree.
We are homeward bound! the strain prolong,—
Oh! about for the land of the free,
Where the gladsome rills re-echo the song
Of Labor and Liberty.

Speed swiftly on o'er the waters bright,
We are nearing the billowy strand
That marks the shore with its foamy white,
The shore of my native land.
We are almost there! we are almost home!
And the green New England hills
Arise to my sight, and a joy unknown
The depth of my bosom thrills.

Oh, soon will I meet with that dear home band,
Praise be to the Father above,
And the bright one who waiteth for me to crown
My life with her trusting love.
I am homeward bound! loved land of my birth,
No joy has the wanderer found,
No bliss so pure o'er the wide, wide earth,
As this—to be homeward bound!

NEMESIS.

A STORY OF FRONTIER LIFE.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Scarcely had Miss Douglass recovered from the effects of her exciting interview with lawyer Bonner, before a second visitor was shown into the room. This was no other than the lovely Miss Wharton, who, advancing to the fair disconsolate, saluted her with an affectionate kiss, and, after a recognition of the old lady, opened the conversation with the usual common-places. Miss Douglass, absorbed in one terrible thought, could not long endure these, and in the midst of some remarks by the late comer, broke out with—

"Miss Alice, do you know what people say of me!"

"If you allude to the late scandalous report," replied she, "I have heard of it."

"And can you visit a woman with a blasted reputation? Are you not afraid that scandal will include your pure name with mine? But not you have those about you who have a right to protect you. But I—" and here sobs choked her utterance.

"Calm yourself, my dear Mary," replied Alice, calmly and sweetly. "I both can and will visit you; and I have come to town to-day for no other purpose. I have no dread of contamination from you. I know you so well that I am deeply and thoroughly convinced of the falsity of the report; and I am here to counteract it as far as I can. All my friends in town knew that I was coming."

Miss Douglass tried in vain to speak, but, through her tears she looked unutterable things, and fondly clasped her friend's hand.

"But I am here only to do what I can to give the lie to this report," continued Alice. "I wish to consult you as to what is to be done, and to offer you my assistance, and that of all whom I can influence."

"My dear child," said the old lady quickly, "her mind is made up, or mine is, and that is the same thing. She will prosecute the rascal for slander, and prove her innocence more publicly even than it has been libelled. And I will stand by her."

"The plan is a good one, I think," said Alice. "And I know a brilliant and able lawyer whom I can induce—" and here she checked herself, blushed, hesitated, and went on, "that is, William is very intimate with him, and will introduce him to you."

"Oh, you are too good," said Miss Douglass, embarrassed in turn, "but don't let William come to see me. At least not now!"

"Mary," returned Alice, gravely, yet kindly, "William and I are as confidential as brother and sister, and I know all about his position with you. It is his place to come *now!*"

"Never!" she cried with vehemence, as a sudden suspicion crossed her mind. "Never! if he comes under advice. His feelings should need no prompting."

"Do not misunderstand me," replied Alice. "He has been most eager to visit you, and I am most confident he will see you to-day."

"Oh, no! no! not to-day," said Mary, imploringly. "Not while my character is under a cloud. You know what a woman is whose reputation has once been breathed upon. I cannot meet him upon even ground, and I *will* not be *pitied*. *That* I cannot endure even from him."

"It must be, I know not how else you can have a free conversation with the lawyer who is to manage your case," replied Alice, and after some further conversation she left.

As she had said, her cousin soon made his appearance, full of love and anger. We shall not attempt to describe the interview between the lovers, nor to tell how he urged his right to protect her, and declared his determination to seek the slanderer of her fair fame and execute summary vengeance upon him, and how she showed him that such a course might indeed punish the rogue, but could not put her character in a better light before the community. Neither can we pause to describe the modesty with which she urged her lover to forego any more private interviews with her, nor the firmness with which she refused his overtures for an immediate marriage, insisting upon the necessity of first clearing her character from all aspersions. Suffice it to say, that the trial was determined upon, and our friend Wilmer retained as counsel. At first great difficulty was experienced, for Mary Douglass was too poor to fee a lawyer, and at the same time too proud to accept his services as a gratuity; to allow her lover to assume the expense, or to borrow money from a friend. At last, however, Wilmer bethought himself of an expedient which settled the question. He assured her that the jury would certainly award exemplary damages, and that his fee could thus be easily paid out of them.

Mary Douglass was the daughter of an ancient family, which, like many other ancient families, had always been very proud, and was now very poor. Her mother, a scheming mamma, had sold two of Mary's sisters to the highest bidder, in the regular legal way, called, indeed, a marriage, but really a transfer of body and soul for a consideration, and was on the point of making a similar disposal of her remaining child. But Mary, full of spirit and independence, attempted at first to secure herself from the persecution which her beauty drew upon her by giving herself out as a man-hater, and playing the Amazon. She used to fish, to swim, to gun, to boat, and do all other manly acts that a woman can do without forfeiting caste, and she permitted none of the rougher sex to accompany her upon any of these excursions. This, however, though it repulsed a few elderly bidders for her charms, who had no idea of paying for such eccentricities, had the effect of increasing the passion of her younger admirers, especially such of them as had read Bob Roy, and who did not fail to identify their ideal of her with the dashing Di Vernon. Her home now became exceedingly distasteful to her. Her mother persisted in her mercenary plans, and the daughter, shrinking, as a sensitive woman must, from this legal pollution, many debates of unbecoming sharpness took place between them. At last the old lady determined to alarm her daughter into measures, told her that she must either submit to her will or find herself some means of independent support. About this time an advertisement for a governess met the daughter's eye; she applied for the situation, was accepted, and soon was domiciliated with Mrs. Elliot, a widow, and the same who assisted, as the French say, at the interview with Mr. Bonner. The daughter of this lady, to whom she acted as governess, died a short time after her introduction to the family, but the child had loved her so much, and the mother herself had become so attached to her, that she was compelled to yield to earnest solicitations, and to remain in an uncertain position between a servant and a friend. This doubtfulness about her situation, however, existed only in her own mind, for Mrs. Elliot felt towards her as towards a beloved daughter, and always treated her with the utmost kindness and attention, but seeing the girl's independent nature, humored it with nominal employment and a fixed salary. Everywhere, however, she was received on an equal footing with Mrs. E. herself.

It was on a visit to some of Mrs. E.'s relatives in the town in which our scene is laid that Mr. Bonner made her acquaintance. He at first thought she was wealthy, and paid her the most marked attention. Interested as were his views he could not help yielding to the influence of her charms, so that addresses paid at first to the purse, were transferred to the person of the lady. She firmly and steadily refused him, but this only increased his determination to possess her. Mr. Alton, his friend, was ready to aid him in his design, as they had already been partners in many a nefarious transaction, and were intimately allied in tastes, opinions and interests. Their idea was to break her down in public estimation, so that she should be glad to marry any one that offered himself, or, if this failed, to enjoy at least the pleasure of revenge at witnessing the utter ruin of her reputation.

Their schemes, however, were completely thwarted. Her resolve to ferret out the whole affair, and to expose the villainy to the public through the medium of a jury, entirely overturned their plans.

Great was the sensation throughout the county when the day of trial at last arrived. The court house was thronged, and among the people present were the most influential persons of the neighborhood, all of whom sided with the innocent victim of this cruel persecution.

Wilmer had arranged his witnesses with the utmost logical exactness, so that every one who rose deepened the impression upon the minds of the jury, till the damning evidence of guilt almost overcame the impudence of Bonner himself. The defence consisted in a lame attempt to corroborate the scandal, by hired defamers, who swore at random to various alleged indiscretions on the part of Miss Douglass. The searching cross-examination, however, completely withered them.

When Wilmer rose to address the jury, he cast his eyes up towards the gallery and recognized the lovely face of Alice, full of anxiety. Forgetful of the crowd and the circumstances, she was leaning over the hand-rail, intently gazing on her lover, with a look that seemed to implore him not to fail. No higher stimulus could have been furnished. He reviewed all the evidence, and conclusively fixed the guilt upon Alton, who scowled upon him as he proceeded. He did not allude to Bonner, for that worthy had taken his measures so cautiously that the closest scrutiny could not detect his trail. Rising from the consideration of the facts, Wilmer broke out into a magnificent invective upon the cowardly assassin of a woman's honor. He painted the despicable wretch in the most revolting colors, poisoning the pure stream of a virtuous life at its fountain head. He called upon the jury to remember their own chaste wives and daughters, and award such exemplary damages as would make the wretch tremble that did but meditate a slander against them. He invoked the spirit of chivalry so characteristic of the Southern man, and called upon them to brand with their indignant reprobation the villain who dared in *such* a community to commit *such* a crime. As his peroration soared to its climax, the most breathless attention prevailed throughout the audience, which held them mute for a moment after he had closed, and then the loud applause burst like thunder from all quarters of the room, totally irrepressible by any effort of the officers. The cause was won, and heavy damages awarded.

Many persons thronged around the young lawyer to congratulate him—but nothing so fully rewarded him for his effort, as an interview that evening in the orange-grove with Alice, who, leaning on his bosom and sobbing with joy, looked up in his face with tearful eyes, saying,

"Oh! my own dear Henry, you have done a good deed this day that I will pray God to bless you for."

CHAPTER III.

All was bustle and excitement at General Lee's. The servants were flying about from place to place, making preparations for an early breakfast. Though the sun was just rising, groups of horses and carriages were already collected under the great trees that shaded the lawn, and every now and then a new arrival was heralded by the shout of a little negro who rushed out to open the gate. The principal waiters and house-servants, dressed in their gala-clothes, with long white streamers in their button-holes, fluttered about the porch, receiving guests, securing the horses, and attending to all the little preliminaries of a festival. The plantation hands, in the full enjoyment of a holiday, had collected about the house, but were kept at a suitable distance from the superior dignity of the waiters. Their glittering ivories and extravagant antics, however, showed that, though excluded from the aristocratic society of the kitchen, this circumstance did not materially interfere with their happiness.

It was a wedding. Our friend Henry Wilmer and Alice Wharton stood up before the reverend man who "blesses them with his two happy hands;" and next to them were William Wharton and the lovely Mary Douglass. It is useless to describe the scene. Alice was there in all the effulgence of her beauty, enhanced by the richness and exquisite taste of her bridal costume. White stars of orange flowers glittered in the night of her dark hair, and a lace veil, like a cloud silvered by moonlight, drooped round her lovely person. She trembled and wept a few tears, as all brides do, but seemed to gain courage from the fond glances of the happy bridegroom, who looked down at her with a mixture of tenderness and pride. The ceremony over, and the congratulations ended, a sumptuous breakfast was served up, after which the gay party entered their carriages and drove off to commence the bridal tour.

"And how much longer am I to wait, before my wishes are crowned?" asked Dr. Wharton, in a low whisper, as he handed his fair companion into her coach.

"Hush! for mercy's sake!" was the reply, in the same earnest whisper, "it must not be *now*. I dread that Bonner and his vengeance. The man's malignity is capable of anything. I read him right, be assured."

And without giving him time for further parley, she joined her companions in the carriage.

The old house servant looked after the carriage with tears in her eyes, and muttered half to herself and half to the chief waiter,

"Well, de Lawd bless and keep 'em; dat's the wust harm I wish to dem bright faces. Miss Alice is de bes' ob ladies, and Massa Wilmer's a nice man. But somehow, dis ole nigga doesn't feel right about it. Seems as ef dis ole heart had bout a pound of lead in it. You see when I went to open de parlor dis mornin', der was a black cat, wid a few white hars in de tail, jumped out ob de winder—and I never seed no black cat bout here afore. Den I heard de owl a hollerin all night in de tree front of Miss Alice's winder; and dar was a big, ole crow flew right ober de house yesterday. Well, de Lawd's good, dat's all I can say."

The old woman's apprehension, though founded on superstition, would not have been despicable to any one who knew all the facts. Bonner and his client had been defeated, indeed, at law, but this only exasperated them, and nourished their desires for further vengeance. They had been foiled in their attack on Miss Douglass, they now turned their wrath upon her defender. Many were the consultations and numerous the plans suggested, but no definite conclusion had been arrived at when the travellers returned.

Wilmer had bought a beautiful little piece of ground on the outskirts of the town, and had built on it a neat and tasteful cottage. He had only cleared away trees enough to make room for his house and garden, and to open up a few vistas through the beautiful little grove which overshadowed them. He had spared no expense to furnish his house tastefully, and had even sent to New York for various little elegancies which might gratify his young wife. The hours flew over them on golden wings, dropping bliss as they passed. A small and select circle of friends, comprising all who were distinguished for moral worth or intellectual ability in the neighborhood, were gathered round them, and their measure of happiness, to all human appearance, was "full, pressed down and running over."

But Wilmer's enemies had not forgotten his conspicuous triumph and their signal defeat. Business had flowed in upon him in a full stream, since his successful effort in behalf of Miss Douglass, and his rapidly increasing fame and fortune added to the settled hate with which they regarded him. Openly, however, they dared not show it, and the flame gathered head and spread unseen and unsuspected by him. At last, however, an expedient was determined upon. Alton, during the progress of an unimportant trial, in which he was a witness, behaved with such marked and deliberate rudeness towards Wilmer, that the latter felt called upon to administer a severe rebuke to him in open court. This Alton chose to consider as an insult, and the next day sent a challenge by the hands of his counsel, Bonner.

Wilmer was placed in a terrible dilemma. On the one hand rose up before him the laws of God, the happiness of his wife, the comfort of his future life, the first of which was violated, and the others jeopardized by the step he was summoned to take. On the other, he saw nothing but ruin, if he refused. He knew the extravagant estimate set upon personal courage in the community in which he lived, and he was fully aware that to decline a challenge was to incur the imputation of cowardice. Under this, he knew that no man could succeed in any walk in life. Constant insults would be offered him in the full assurance that he dared not resent them. His fiery clients, who had all been engaged in personal conflicts, would, he knew, be totally incapable of comprehending the moral courage that could resist such temptation as was now assailing him. He saw nothing before him, therefore, but utter loss of reputation and of business, should he refuse the proffered contest. His enemies had calculated upon this struggle, and awaited with indifference the result of his deliberations. At last, after hours of mental struggle and of anguish, he made his choice: he accepted the challenge.

A difficulty, however, occurred to him. General Lee and Dr. Wharton were both away and could not be recalled in time, and he was not sufficiently intimate with any one else to ask him to act as his second. At last, however, he pitched upon a young lawyer who had occasionally been employed upon cases with him, but who, as he unfortunately did not know, was deeply concerned in the conspiracy against him.

The anxiety which rested upon his countenance, in spite of his efforts to conceal it, could not escape the keen scrutiny of his wife's affection. She besought him to disclose the cause of it, but he evaded her questions, and at last accounted for it by saying that he was unusually anxious about an important case he had in hand. This satisfied her, for she never, for a moment, suspected that her husband would think of deceiving her, and she resorted to a thousand little innocent arts to win him back to his wonted cheerfulness. At last, by a vehement effort, he returned to himself, and was unusually gay. All this his wife attributed to her persuasive powers, and she enjoyed the exquisite happiness which a loving heart feels at being able to cheer the pathway of one so dear.

The eventful morning arrived, and Wilmer felt the necessity of getting his wife out of the way, being convinced that, as the hour of conflict drew near, he could not conceal from her his intentions, and knowing too his inability to resist her, should she intreat him, as she probably would, to give up his hostile design. A favorable opportunity presented itself in the sickness of her uncle's favorite servant. He suggested to her, that, as he should be so occupied that day as to be unable to get home to dinner, she had better avail herself of the opportunity to minister to the necessities of the sick woman, and remain at her uncle's till he should join her in the evening. She consented, and as she was hastening to get ready, he broke one from a cluster of magnolia buds and stuck it in her bosom. As she stepped out of the door, he threw his arm round her and kissed her. She noticed an unusual fervor in the embrace and the kiss, but naturally enough attributed it to the tenderness consequent upon the first parting of an entire day since their married life had commenced. As the carriage drove off, she kept looking back and waving her hand to her husband, till the trees intercepted the view. He gazed after her sadly and muttered:

"Farewell, loveliest and best of wives! I feel more compunction than ever for the part I am acting. I ought not to have deceived you. I ought not to do what I am about to do; but God knows that I do it more for your sake than my own."

In a little cleared space among the trees of a neighboring wood, but at a sufficient distance from the town to be perfectly retired, the meeting had been arranged. Wilmer was dressed, as usual, in a suit of white linen, a foolish piece of bravado, as it rendered him so much more conspicuous a mark to his antagonist. He and his second were first on the ground, and they paced up and down under the shadow of the trees.

"Should I fall," said he, "take this letter to Dr. Wharton. I have no heart now to give you a message to my wife. This whole thing is done against the dictates of my conscience and the wishes of my heart. I have no desire to shed any man's blood, and I call you to witness that I have been driven into this course. God forgive me! I have great doubts on my mind."

While he was yet speaking, the opposite party came on the ground, emerging from the opening in the wood. Bonner advanced to Wilmer's second, and, with great formality, offered a case of duelling pistols, which he assured him, on his honor, had never been used, and requested him to make his choice.

"I believe, sir," he continued, after the selection had been made, "that our agreement is to throw dice for positions, and to fire after the word three."

"You are correct," replied Wilmer's second.

"Before these proceedings go any farther," said Wilmer, "I wish to have it distinctly understood that I am open to any proposal for accommodation. I say this because I have always been averse to this method of settling difficulties."

"It is rather late, sir," replied Bonner, "to talk of an adjustment now. If *you* are content to apologise *under a challenge*, *I*, of course, am bound to present your apology to my principal. If, however, you are afraid to meet the issue, of course you can retire. We are not sheriff's officers, to execute a man against his will."

"Sir," replied Wilmer, as the deep flush of anger suffused his cheeks and brow, "I trust that my course here has shown that I am not influenced in any thing I do by so base a motive as fear. I said what I did to satisfy in some measure the scruples of my own conscience. You, of course, sir, cannot understand such motives. When I am through with this present business, however, I shall have a reckoning with you for this insolence."

"I trust you will always find me ready, sir, to meet you upon any terms," was the reply.

Alton stepped forward, and, with a coarse oath, remarked:

"I hear something about an arrangement. The arrangement that suits me is twenty paces, and the hair-trigger in my hand."

"You shall have your wish, sir," replied Wilmer, bowing coldly.

The two seconds then paced off the distance, the dice were thrown, and the principals placed. Wilmer was in the full sun-light, the rays streaming in his face, while Alton stood in the flickering shadow of a tree, with his back to the sun. Wilmer was pale as death, but the firm compression of his lips and the sternness of his eye, showed that it was no irresolution that blanched his cheek. As the pistol was handed to him he kissed his wife's miniature, then thrust it into his bosom next his heart, and declared himself ready.

"One—two—three—fire!" cried Bonner, and the two pistols were almost simultaneously discharged. It was all over. The conspirators had succeeded. Wilmer lay dead on the grass, a small round hole, with bruised edges, in the middle of his forehead, showing the cause of his death. The surgeon, for form's sake, felt his pulse, chafed his temples, and wiped the oozing blood from his expansive brow.

"It is useless!" said he, with a sigh. Then casting a scrutinizing glance round upon the group, he observed to Wilmer's second, who stood pale and anxious, gazing at the noble ruin: "You might have managed this affair better, sir! Did you ever see a duel before?"

The second cowered beneath the stern glance of the doctor, but Bonner answered for him;

"He has done very well, sir. Fate was against him."

"He has done very well for your principal!" replied the doctor. "It is a great pity this poor fellow's friends were all away. But come, Mr. Bonner, take your work home!"

"Curse him!" muttered Alton, between his clenched teeth, "he'll never abuse a gentleman in the court house again!"

Wilmer's second was stupefied with remorse, for he was a novice in these bloody affrays, and the anger and envy he felt towards the unfortunate man had oozed away with the streaming blood that dyed the ground. He could not attend to the removal of the corpse, and the surgeon, self-reliant and collected, as becomes a man of his profession, procured some blacks, arranged a litter, and had the body borne to the cottage in which the happy pair had expected to spend so many years. Some of his acquaintances who had heard of the sad event, came over to meet him, and the mournful procession wound its way to his former home.

On arriving there, they bore the body into the parlor, and stretched it out upon some hastily made trestles: and the scene there drew tears from many eyes. The room was as Alice left it in the morning. On the piano lay a glove which she had tried on and then hastily thrown off. It still retained the form of her hand. Her spirit seemed to linger about this spot. A music book lay open at the song of "Home, Sweet Home!" It was the last she had sung to her husband, to cheer his spirit, saddened by anticipation of the terrible reality. A guitar lay on the table. Only the night before it had thrilled under her fingers, and his ears had listened to it. There it remained, and there was he—but alas! deaf forever to all the melodies and harmonies of earth. Beside it was a copy of Milton's Paradise Lost. All felt the appropriateness of this. Here was, indeed, a paradise lost forever. The volume was opened at that exquisite passage, in which Eve's first presentation to Adam is described. Wilmer had been reading it to his wife, while she dressed that morning. The entrance of the people roused the canaries, *her* canaries, her husband's gift, and they poured out a gush of joyful song from their little throats, as though all things continued as they were. But the serpent had entered this domestic Eden. There in the midst of all these sweet accessories of home, lay the former owner of them all. Stiff and cold, and blanched from loss of blood, there nevertheless was upon his features the placid expression which looks so much like sleep. The wound had been covered with a piece of flesh-colored court-plaster, so that there was nothing to reveal the cause of this mighty change. His friends had thrown a spray of magnolia upon his breast;—it was the same from which he had broken a flower in the morning to adorn his wife.

In the meanwhile, his wife, all unconscious of the terrors of the day, had ministered to the wants of her sick servant, and had received the calls of a few friends who had come to visit her uncle, not knowing that he was absent. They had thrown out dark hints of what was going on, and alluded to the fact that a duel was to be fought that day, but finding her totally ignorant and altogether unsuspecting, they spared her the pain of a more explicit statement.

Evening now came on, and many were the glances she cast down the lane from the porch. At last she saw a cloud of dust. Her heart bounded with joy. She sent a black boy to open the gate, while she hurried to make some little coquettish change in her toilette to attract her husband's eye. The magnolia he gave her in the morning she had kept in water all day, and now she wreathed it, fresh and dewy, in her dark tresses.

"Now for a happy man and a proud!" she murmured to herself, as she tripped down the steps and came half running, half dancing to the door. The carriage had reached the inner yard, but two strangers were in it. Her heart sunk with the disappointment. A vague terror seized her, when she observed the black boy coming towards her, crying most lustily.

"What is the matter, Sam?" she eagerly inquired.

"Oh! missus! missus!" sobbed the poor fellow; "dey done killed massa Henry!"

The terrible reality flashed across her mind. The hints of her friends, their talk about the duel, her husband's gloom, his sending her away, all were explained; and as the dreadful truth burst upon her, she uttered a single shriek and fell senseless on the porch.

She arose a raving maniac.

CHAPTER IV.

When Dr. Wharton and General Lee returned, they were terribly shocked at the ruin which had been wrought in their absence. But they were not men to sit down quietly under such wrongs. After taking care of their hapless young relative, who had been so cruelly smitten, their next thought was vengeance on the devastators of her household. On inquiry of the surgeon who officiated on the occasion of Wilmer's death, they learned that foul play had hurried the young man out of existence. Although actual complicity could not be proved on Wilmer's second, there was, nevertheless, reason to suspect him of a private understanding with the murderer. Ever since the combat he had manifestly been a prey to the bitterest remorse. Alton, learning that a storm of popular indignation was gathering against him, had fled to a remote and wild region. Bonner, therefore, remained, the only one of this nest of conspirators upon whom to wreak their vengeance.

The influence of Miss Douglass for some time restrained the wrath of Wharton, till Bonner, with the coarse blundering of a vulgar mind, began to suspect that cowardice was the cause of his long forbearance. Presuming upon this he undertook to throw himself in the doctor's way.

One day, as Wharton was sitting at the dinner-table of the hotel, Bonner took a seat directly opposite to him, and, with unparalleled insolence, inquired after Mrs. Wilmer's health. Fire flashed from the doctor's eyes. He rose from his seat and hurled a tumbler with all his force into the ruffian's face. Bonner started, and would have made at the young man, but the blood that streamed over his eyes blinded him, and the blow nearly stunned him. He staggered into the bar-room, smarting with pain, blaspheming furiously, and vowing vengeance upon his assailant.

Bonner's character was so well known, and this first burst of passion had so completely rekindled Wharton's wrath, that he immediately armed himself, in anticipation of a rencontre. Bonner, on his side, made no secret of his thirst for the doctor's blood; and the knowledge of the fact that two resolute men were going about the streets, seeking each other's life, created a feverish anxiety in the minds of the inhabitants, accustomed as they were to deeds of violence. This increased to such a pitch of uneasiness, that at last the clergy of the town determined to interfere. They waited on the enemies, and urged them to desist from their bloody design. They pictured in strong colors the wrath of Heaven against such misdeeds; and, when Wharton represented to them the aggravated offence of which Bonner had been guilty, they adjured him most solemnly to leave the punishment of his crimes with Him who has declared that vengeance is His, and not to usurp the prerogatives of Omnipotence. They pressed him so closely, and plied the young man's conscience with such earnest appeals, that he at last yielded and consented to disarm himself, if his adversary would do the same. Bonner was more obdurate, but, sensible of the importance of restoring himself to his old place in public opinion, he at last reluctantly consented to the arrangement, and gave up his weapons to the gentlemen who called upon him. Wharton afterwards gave up his, and the peacemakers went home satisfied that they had earned the promised blessing.

That night Bonner was in a billiard-room. Excited by liquor and the eagerness of the gambler, he played recklessly and handled the cue with unusual force. In the midst of his most boisterous behavior, the report of a pistol was heard in the room, and he fell heavily forward, groaning piteously. The cry was instantly raised: "Wharton! Wharton! close the doors! search the room!" Eager hands closed the doors; inquiring eyes peeped into every corner and peered in every face; busy feet ran hither and thither, and the tumult of voices and scuffling of feet made a little Babel of the place. Still, with all their activity, no traces of Wharton could be found. No bullet-hole in door or window revealed the secret of the assault, and besides, the majority were positive, from the sound, that the pistol must have been fired by some one in the room. At last one noticed smoke curling in a light cloud about the wounded man. They examined him, and, finding his clothes were on fire, they prosecuted their researches further, and drew out of his pocket a pistol, which, from the smell and heat of it, had manifestly just been fired. A ragged wound had torn the thigh irregularly and deeply, and the close proximity of the weapon had terribly burned and shattered the limb.

It was now evident that the miserable man had again armed himself, and that, during the excitement of the game, he had forcibly struck the pistol in his pocket, and exploded the cap with the end of his cue. But little sympathy was felt for one who could so readily forget all obligations, human or divine. He was taken to his house. The weather was warm, his constitution bad, and, as is common under such circumstances, locked jaw, with all its horrors, seized on the unhappy wretch. For several days he writhed in horrible agony, the strong spasms gradually choking the life out of him. Remorse added its terrible anguish to the tortures of the disease, and with shrieks and groans, and all the wretchedness of despair, the miserable man passed from his active, evil life, to the realities of eternity.

* * * * * *

Years after this, Doctor Wharton was sitting on the balcony of his house, one fine, balmy February afternoon. Miss Douglass, now Mrs. Wharton, was beside him, wearing a graver and more matronly aspect, but still beautiful. A blooming girl was running from one to the other, interrupting the conversation which her father was addressing to a clergyman who had recently taken charge of the parish, and who was spending the day with the doctor and his wife. The doctor had just detailed the story we have been endeavoring to tell, and which, unhappily, is only too true.

"And what became of the other actors in this tragedy?" asked the parson.

"Alton," replied the doctor, "went to Texas, then just settled. He had been there but a short time, when he made himself obnoxious to the people of his neighborhood, by some deeds of violence and villainy. Speedy punishment and short shrift is always the motto of a new settlement. The people collected in force, seized him in spite of resistance, held a brief trial, condemned him, took him into the woods, tied him to a tree, and shot him to death with one rifle volley. I was told by a man who witnessed it, that his head was positively shot to pieces. Wilmer's second abandoned himself to drink, to drown, if possible, the remorse which preyed upon his spirit.—While drunk, he got into a bar-room brawl with Bonner's brother, who settled the difficulty by stabbing him to the heart. He himself was shortly afterwards killed by an Indian whom he had grievously wronged. So you see that all who were engaged in the nefarious murder of my poor friend, were followed by the vengeance of the invisible powers. Were I a Roman, I would erect in his name a temple to NEMESIS, for the powers have seen and punished his enemies."

"Say, rather," replied the clergyman, "that God has exercised His prerogative, and accomplished His own declaration: '*Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed!*'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and is alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union, without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

FRAZER RIVER.

The last advices from California are somewhat calculated to place a freezer on the Fraser river excitement. Frazer river is considered by some a regular Frazer *river*, more ready to plunder others than to be plundered itself. One letter-writer estimates that for every dollar taken out, four hundred will be expended in getting it. Others say that the miners in some places are absolutely starving. But then we must allow something for California prejudice—for Frazer river's gain seems to be in some degree California's loss. A correspondent of *The San Francisco Bulletin* presents the following bill to the new El Dorado, and demands a remittance under penalty of being declared a humbug:

Frazer River Mines in Account with California.

DEBIT.

1858, June 30—To cash paid for the passage of 15,000 men to Puget Sound and Vancouver's Island at $30 each,	$450,000
To 30 days' time of 15,000 men, at $3 per day,	1,350,000
To 18,000 tuns of assorted merchandise shipped by steamers and lading vessels, at an average cost of $100 per tun (freight paid),	1,800,000
To cash invested in lots at Bellingham Bay and Victoria,	50,000
Total,	$3,650,000

CREDIT.

1858, June 30—By gold dust said to have been sent from Fraser River,	$1,200
Balance to debit of Fraser river,	$3,648,800

On the other hand we have a report from a Mr. Freeman of the Express Company—who may be interested, for all we know, in getting as many people and parcels "expressed" to Victoria as possible—making the following encouraging statements:

The first bar passed in ascending the river was Texas Bar. One hundred miners were there at work, making $10 to $20 a day. The next passed was Emory's Bar, were seventy-five men were employed, with about the same results as at Texas Bar. The next was Puget Sound Bar, where seventy-five men were employed, averaging from $6 to $10 a day. Next Hill's Bar was passed, where about seven hundred men were at work, making from $10 to $50 a day. The next bar reached, brought Mr. F. to Fort Yale, where about two hundred men are making from $10 to $20 a day. Besides the above, men were working all along the river, who reported the diggings good. At Hill's Bar, Kerrison & Co. have erected a fine log house, 30x20 feet in size.

The river is slowly falling, but the water is still too high for much profitable working on the bars. All the miners agree that, when the water falls, big strikes will be made. At present, the banks of the river are being worked with sluices and common rockers.

Mr. Freeman saw no suffering from starvation in the mines. The river abounds in fish. On most of the bars a month's provisions were on hand, while on some of them there were two months' supplies in store.

Well, of course we wish the treasure hunters their "pockets full of rocks,"—and yet, as we all know, probably it is the worst wish we could make a good many of them. And yet, poor fellows, they will deserve, in one sense, all they will get—for hundreds, if not thousands, will return from Fraser river, whatever success in a pecuniary point of view they may meet with there, with ruined health and habits, and an aversion to the calm and unexciting pursuits of their former lives which they never felt before.

But this new exodus—however hurtful to many in health and character—doubtless will conduce on the whole to good. It will open that Northern Pacific shore to the progress of civilization, much more rapidly probably than could be done in any other manner. It would almost seem as if Providence, when designing to open fresh regions to human enterprise and habitation, gave glimpses of the heretofore hidden treasures, and thus secured a smoothing of the rough places of the wilderness by a class of men peculiarly adapted to the work. By their report, the attention of another class is called to the agricultural and other capabilities of those distant regions. And soon the raisers of the golden grain and the golden corn begin to flock in, and make the wilderness blossom. In the present instance, a large section of country north and east of Oregon, is said to possess a mild, invigorating climate and fertile soil, and to be admirably fitted for the abode of a hardy, energetic race. That country, probably, will be settled twenty, it may be fifty years sooner, than much of it—especially that in the British possessions—otherwise would have been. That a design of peculiar importance is being worked out by Divine Providence in thus luring large bodies of civilized men to the Pacific shore, we may, with all reverence, be allowed to believe. What that design is, it is not given us certainly to know. That it is of a moral and spiritual character—and calculated, perhaps, to effect the predominance of certain ideas and races in the world—may not unreasonably be inferred. But, in all such investigations, let us remember that "we see through a glass, darkly," and therefore proclaim our suppositions with becoming modesty and reserve.

CYRUS THE GREAT.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field, whom one of our cotemporaries calls "the life and soul, the heart and muscle of the great experiment" of laying the Atlantic Telegraph cable, is being exalted, on all sides, by our editorial brethren, as one of the master minds of the age, if not of the race. Our neighbors of *The Press* say, alluding to his log-book:—

It is, indeed, one of the greatest compositions ever published—so brief, so concentrated, and yet so very explicit and eloquent in that brevity and concentration. A great intellect, deeply imbued with the finest spirit of humanity, has evidently been employed upon it. The achievement which it records required a great mind to trace its final steps, day by day, hour by hour, until the glorious consummation came.

Compared with this, how feeble and how diffuse appear all the despatches and proclamations of mighty conquerors! The narratives of Xenophon and Cæsar, brilliant as we have been used to account them, seem dull beside this most unpretending "daily journal" of Mr. Field. The despatches of Marlborough, Wellington, Napoleon, and our own Gen. Scott, seem cold when we read this narrative of the greatest victory of all—the triumph of Science over natural difficulties considered almost unsurmountable, the triumph of Mind over Matter.

Mr. Field doubtless deserves a great deal of credit for his energy and perseverance; but it is rather amusing to think of the terms which would have greeted his arrival, had the third attempt proved, like the others, a disastrous failure. Those especially who had invested their thousands in the enterprise, at his solicitation, would have given us a picture *somewhat* different from the above. Mr. Field, however, was successful—a great thing in this world—and he is getting his reward. He is lauded on all hands to the seventh heaven of invention—while poor Morse, who really seems to deserve some praise, is quite forgotten. Well, well—let "every dog have his day." We do not intend to be behind our contemporaries, we nominate Field—we neither know nor care about his politics—for President! Hurra for Field—the hero of two worlds!

AHEAD OF US.—We thought when writing our article upon "Cyrus the Great," that in nominating him for President we surely were "at the head of the heap"—but what was our surprise, shortly afterwards, to read the following in a New York contemporary—where it was not editorial, however; that's one comfort:—

A contest has already sprung up as to who should have the principal glory of this sublime achievement. Others may have suggested the *idea*, but who did the *work*? None other than Cyrus W. Field. Some national testimonial is most assuredly due to his admirable skill, his strong administrative talent, his unyielding perseverance, his glorious success. Such a man should be President of the United States. There would be a national testimonial worthy of the people and the occasion. He has secured a vast political blessing to the nation; why not secure to him a great political reward?

The writer of the above says, "Who did the *work*? *None other* than Cyrus W. Field." We think this ground hardly a tenable one—for a good many others were engaged in doing the work. Better keep to the general glorification principle—which is always the safest in a Presidential campaign.

BELL RINGING.—The Agent of the Associated Press says that the Superintendent of the Boston Fire Alarm Telegraph, recently rung all the bells of Boston connected with said Alarm, from the telegraph office in Portland. He further says:—"This extraordinary feat indicates the practicability of a simultaneous ringing of bells throughout the world."

Ah, if our fair readers could only be allowed to substitute the little letter e in the above statement, and make bells *belles*, what a clapping of white hands would ensue. A simultaneous "*ringing* (with a marriage ring, of course,) *of belles throughout the world!*" As a French novelist would say, What a sublime idea! How profoundly significant! how grand! how superb! Humanity quivers at the thought!

☞ A fire at Bath Island, Niagara, recently, destroyed the extensive paper mill there. Loss $100,000. Insurance $65,000. The flames were caused by the explosion of a steam boiler.

Of course we condole with the proprietor of the above establishment in his loss—but nevertheless we hope that, now the mill is down, it will be allowed to remain down. The prospect of Niagara's becoming ultimately a dirty manufacturing village, is not one of the pleasantest. Surely we might afford to keep our great cataract—one of the wonders of the world—pure and spotless, even if a "mighty heap of water power" is wasted in the operation.

FUNNY.—The *N. Y. Tribune*, in an article on the Atlantic Telegraph, says:—

"The news of the failure of the first attempt to lay the ocean wire was *one of the immediate causes of the great commercial revulsion of* 1857. There would of course have been a 'panic,' as it is absurdly termed, even had the cable been safely laid last year; but the news of its failure, &c."

We have heard the great financial revulsion attributed to almost every thing, but we do think, in the foregoing, the *Tribune* has hit upon an original idea. We do not believe that any one, not even a New York editor—and that is saying a great deal—ever thought of that reason before.

STEAM ON CANALS.—The attempt to run canal boats by steam is said to have been successfully accomplished on the Erie Canal, where three Propellers are now in operation—causing a wave, it is said, of less than half an inch. If experience confirms the good news, a new era for the canals probably will be opened—and the Railroads, which have been "taking the bread out of their mouths," will have in the future a more serious rivalry to encounter from the "raging canawls."

TELEGRAPHIC CONVENIENCE.—Why was it singular that those engaged in laying the Atlantic Telegraph did not die before they reached the land? Because they were continually "shuffling off their mortal coil."

Why is the Electric Telegraph a rather shabby invention after all? Because, as every one knows, it always goes upon "tick."

A CORRECTION.

MR. EDITOR:—In the editorial columns of the Post, dated July 31st, speaking of the National Hotel, the following passage occurs,—"And which dinner caused the death of thirty-one persons, and (*caused*) the health of sixty or seventy more."

Is that sentence correct; and if not, is the mistake yours? Yours, truly, INCOG.

The sentence of course is incorrect, but whether the error was ours, or that of the *Vicksburg True Southron*, whose language we were quoting, is a matter of no great importance. Occasional mistakes are almost unavoidable in the hasty composition and printing of articles for a newspaper.

THE TELEGRAPH.—Unofficial advices from Trinity Bay, state that signals are constantly passing through the cable, but that little is hazarded in saying that it has as yet been found impossible to work Mr. Whitehouse's recording instruments successfully. No doubt is entertained, however, that the Hughes instrument, when obtained, will overcome all difficulty.

On the other hand, *The Press* of this city says: "We are authorized to state that a commercial firm in New York, yesterday (Friday) received a message through the Atlantic Cable. *Our informant saw the message in cypher.*"

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

DOWAGIAC, Michigan, August 4th, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Saturday Evening Post:

In my last, you will recollect, I threatened you with an account of my recent pilgrimage to my old home. "I promised to give it to you, and I *must* do it," as the half-relenting but conscience bound parent of the olden time used to say to erring youth, preparatory to the awful invitation, "Take off your coat, sir!" I cannot, however, conscientiously add the assurance, "I do it for your good alone, and I am pained at the necessity." On the contrary, I must acknowledge that your good is not my first consideration; I must even confess to an unamiable pleasure in afflicting you. Still, I hope you will stand up bravely, and bear the aggravating switching of bad puns and the heavy strokes of sentiment, like a man.

Well, to begin at the beginning: I was born in Pompey, a picturesque and almost mountainous part of the county of Onondaga, New York, at a country homestead, to which my parents had removed a few years previous, from the good old State of Connecticut. This portion of Onondaga was then new, and settled for the most part by very plain and primitive people—simple and uncultured, but honest, kindly, sober, and religious, in the slow-and-sure, old-fashioned, pre-Finney-ite way. There were in our neighborhood and on Pompey Hill ("Pompey's Pillar," it should have been called, for it overlooks the whole county,) a few New England families of education and refinement, whose society, in some degree, compensated to my parents, my elder sisters and brothers, for the admirable social privileges they had resigned. These friends and books saved their new, rough life from the dreariness of exile, and their intellectual tastes from utter starvation. Now all is so changed that I doubt not many of the farmers of this region are men of more extensive reading and varied information than the professional men of thirty years ago, while farmers' wives and daughters partake of the spirit of progress, and receive the love of the beautiful into their hearts—read, cultivate flowers, and discuss the great questions of the day with intelligent interest.

But to return. While I was yet a very young child, my parents removed from Pompey to the adjoining town of Fabius, in whose classic and pastoral shades we remained for some five years, when we made a momentous move westward. I know not how it is that in all my gipseyish wanderings I have never before returned to the dear old places, the happy, hallowed ground, the sacred "morning land" of life. I have ever had at my heart a sort of home-sick yearning toward the hills and valleys, woods and streams so fair and familiar to my childish eyes; yet it was a yearning mixed with dread. I shrank from beholding the changes which the years *must* have brought about—shrank alike from decay and improvement—from the new faces I should meet, and the voids which the old vanished faces must have left.

We went first by railway, from Syracuse to Apulia, through the beautiful Onondaga Valley. From Apulia (still, you see, in classical precincts,) we were dragged in a crowded omnibus, by two miserable, galled horses, over five miles of rough and hilly road, to Fabius, or Franklin village.

In the little village of Apulia, where all else seemed wonderfully unchanged, my eye was saddened by beholding the quaint old church in which a dear and venerable uncle had once delivered the pure word, the loving, life-giving message of Christ—closed up and going fast to decay. I longed for one look within—at "the minister's pew," in which at the side of my aunt, a true Christian gentlewoman of the old school, I had often bowed my little head in a conscientious effort to follow the half-comprehended words of prayer—a mighty struggle with wandering, childish thoughts for holy abstraction and exaltation—poor, weak thoughts, that like nestling larks attempting skyward flights, were continually falling back to the earth, strained, dazzled and discouraged. I longed for one look at that desk in which I had so often beheld the object of my earliest reverence and love—a beautiful and stately old man, whom I did not hesitate to compare with the Apostles and Old Testament worthies, feeling that some of them decidedly suffered by the comparison—a faithful teacher and exemplar of God's truth—severe to Puritanism in his tenets—loving as a child in his spirit, a tender persuasiveness overrunning the priestly authority of his words. Vainly may we look for the like of him now-a-days—the type seems to have passed from the earth. We have plenty of *preachers*, but few *ministers*.

Next, we came upon the dear old parsonage. Here also was change. The brown cottage was still browner than of old—and greatly contracted in its proportions, while the apple trees in the orchard and the evergreens in the yard had grown miraculously. Yet I almost looked to see a group of familiar forms upon the doorstep—or my good aunt, hurrying down to the gate, to meet us—her neat chintz frock of antique cut, brushing the flowering borders of the path—her snowy kerchief fluttering in the wind, and her ample cap-frill blown back from her cordial, smiling face; to see her followed by my uncle, moving sedately, but with kindly welcome beaming from his eyes—a truly patriarchal figure, and a gracious head, crowned with the silver honors of a serene old age.

A short distance beyond the parsonage, a sparkling, laughing brook ran for a little way by the roadside. It runs there still—as brightly sparkling, as gayly laughing as in the dear old days, when it was the delight of the child's heart—"passing away," like the things around it, but changing not, wasting not. All along the way, for three or four miles, I recognized every house, every hill, almost every field and tree. For the last mile, this road formerly ran through a dense swamp, which I used to have a fearful delight in imagining haunted by robbers, spooks and hobgoblins. On the dryer portions of this swamp, parties of Indians frequently encamped, for the facilities which it afforded for the basket-making business. The great Kunkapot himself, a famous old chief of the Onondagas, sometimes pitched his wigwam in its dusky depths. Alas, the woodman and the drainer have been to work—my "Black Forest" is robbed of its shadowy and shuddery romance. And the melancholy shade of poor old Kunkapot would no longer recognize his miry fastnesses.

At last, we reached the village, about half a mile from our farm. Here every step was familiar, though the beautiful village seemed to have attempted the disguise of a green domino, so marvellous had been the growth of the foliage. The old buildings had the same old faces—we recognized them one after another, with thrills of sad pleasure. Out of many a window seemed to look faces long hidden by the windowless walls of churchyard-homes.

We stopped with a kind old friend, in my childhood the principal merchant in the village, and pleasantly associated in my mind with countless gifts of raisins and candy. My earliest recollection of him is an unbroken chain of saccharine memories—"linked sweetness long drawn out."

After dinner we sat for a while talking of old times, in a room apparently as unchanged in all its appointments from what I had seen it last, as the "Sleeping Beauty" found her apartment on awaking from her nap of a century. On the wall hung portraits, which were once the objects of my childish wonder and delight—a young mother, who died a few months ago, and a baby-girl, who has been married within this year.

Then we strolled out, and saw the church in which we had worshipped many Sundays—where we had attended funerals and protracted meetings—heard Fourth of July orations and temperance addresses, witnessed ordinations and school exhibitions;—and then we sought out a few more old friends, and asked and answered bewildered questions, and stared into each other's faces, searching for the old looks through the mask of years, and the fine tattooing of care and pain.

Our friend next kindly drove us out to the farm, which we once called home. Oh, now, I *did* know every step of the way! The old trees seemed waving a stately greeting to us, and the familiar fields smiling in conscious gladness. As we reached the confines of the farm, welcome and beautiful and blessed was every object—hallowed all the ground by the sweetest and saddest memories of childhood. I should have known the house out of all the world—and yet it was sadly changed. It was really larger than of old by an impertinent addition, yet it seemed to have strangely sunken in the years past as by a sort of "iron shroud" process. Its windows were narrowed, its doors contracted, while its roof appeared to have been battered down by some giant hand. Oh, the difference between the eyes of this day, and those of that memorable day of my childhood, when my brother first took me out on that roof! I remember a young Irish friend was with us, who, clinging to the chimney, and looking down with dizzy horror in his eyes, exclaimed—"Faith, boys," (I was always counted as one of them,) "I'm thinking it would take a man of talents to jump off this house." I applauded this sentiment for its truth and sense, feeling also that respect for the height of my paternal mansion was becoming in a lad who had but *one story* to tell of family grandeur, and whose father's hall was parlor and kitchen as well.

We passed the house and drove up the road for a look at the old neighborhood. It was wonderfully unaltered, though nearly all the old families were gone. As I passed "the places which once knew them," a thousand recollections and associations sprang up from the slumber of years. In that tawny farm-house lived a curious couple, thrifty, saving, neat and primitive to the last degree. How their looks, their tones, their quaintnesses, queernesses, and ineffable littlenesses come back to me! Yet the place would wear a pleasanter look were they here still.

In this little brown house lived another primitive family, who created a sensation in our neighborhood by moving to the far off, savage and pestilential Territory of Michigan. The sight of the little house brings up a vision of a certain white-headed, nasal-toned little girl, who for many weeks before the family exodus, bore down upon me with the prophetic importance of a great traveller, and snubbed and Michiganed me out of all conceit of myself or contentment with my lot; and a vision of the mother of the household—an enormous woman, with the voice of a Stentor, and the beard of a Hecate, but a very female Falstaff in good-humor. A learned old dame was she in the occult love of dreams, an adept in teacup fortune-telling—full of signs and wonders and portents dire. She seemed to fatten on the unhealthy diet of ghost-stories, thrive on church-yard vapors. Some of her little household superstitions were very curious. If her son cut his foot with the axe, or her daughter pierced her hand with a rusty nail, she would *first* carefully do up the axe or the nail in tallowed bandages and lay it in the oven, or by the fireside, where it would keep warm till the wound was healed.

On this place, to the left, lived for awhile a family steeped to the lips in the very essence of Yankeeism; but chiefly remarkable for the state of civil warfare which they maintained—the two sons especially dwelling together in disunity and brotherly enmity. They had tremendous encounters, the old folks standing by to see fair play—the father invariably siding with the elder, the mother with the younger. There was once a truce of several weeks, caused by the miraculous camp-meeting conversion of one of the combatants,—but immediately on his "falling from grace," hostilities were renewed.

On this corner stood—alas for the vandalism which spared not even its humble hearth!—a snug little log-house, in which dwelt a worthy, hard-working woman, her brood of white-headed children, and her incumbrance,—a lazy, ne'er-do-weel of a husband, who cared for nothing but hunting, fishing, and lounging about taverns and stores,—yet who was honest, kind-hearted and jolly, and universally liked, in spite of his vagabondism. A ludicrous recollection of this old worthy came up as we passed his home, of a half apology, half complaint which he once made on the not very presentable appearance of his hopeful son, the "image of his father," morally and physically, following him about like a lessened shadow. Seeming suddenly alive to the dilapidated condition of the youth's nether integuments, he exclaimed to my mother—

"Wa-al, I du declare, John *does* want a pair of trowsers, *most the vehementest!*"

In that large red house, lived a burly, well-to-do farmer, an honest, industrious man, a good neighbor, and none the worse any way, perhaps, that generous draughts of cider had painted his full cheeks with the bloom of fifty summers' growth of rosy apples. Twice every Sunday we saw him going meetingward, in a heavy double wagon, drawn by a pair of fat dun horses, (one of them had the "spring halt,") with his wife, his sons, his daughters, his men-servants and his maid-servants. On these and on all occasions, in all seasons, he wore an immense, immemorial, bell-crowned hat, surmounting his head like an inverted pyramid, looming like a heavy cloud above the sun-broad glory of his round and rubicund face. As far as eye could see, he could be recognized by his hat. It was his sign, his surety, his alias.

But at length there came a Sunday when the heavy double wagon, the fat, dun horses, the burly farmer, his wife, his sons and his daughters, his men-servants and his maid-servants and his bell-crowned hat were not seen going meetingward. The well-to-do farmer was dead. I went to the funeral, with my mother. The smell of that freshly-varnished coffin comes back to me now, as a sickening odor of mortality! Above the coffin, which seemed to me of gigantic proportions, hung on its accustomed peg, the old bell-crowned hat. I shuddered at the sight of it, yet could not turn my eyes away—it was so awfully like him. Not the dead face below, from whose wasted cheeks the apple-bloom had all been stricken, was half so much like him. The wind coming in at the open window, stirred it slightly, and I fancied that it nodded in response to the minister's prayer. I should hardly have been surprised if, to crown all, it had joined in the tolling of the funeral-bell. I had a vague feeling that it ought to have Christian burial with its old owner, to insure its not walking o'nights.

A little way beyond this house, which looked precisely as it did on the day when it let out that funeral procession, we turned, and soon after made a *detour* to get a view of the old school house in which I first made acquaintance with Noah Webster and Peter Parley.—Alas! that venerable little temple of learning had failed to preserve its *in-statu-quo*-sity, like the edifices around it, but had fallen into a wretched state of dilapidation and desolation. The windows were broken in—the doors unhinged, the plaster fallen off, the roof open to sun and storm. I looked at the crumbling walls, which had so often been shaken by our noontime frolics, which had echoed my sobs over hopeless tasks or unjust censure, which had shut me away for so many hours from the sunshine, the freedom, the fields and the woods which I loved like a young savage—with mingled feelings of pain and satisfaction; and yet it was with a sigh, not a laugh, that I turned away from them forever.

As we drove back on the old homeward way, past the beautiful wood which had been our summer playground, I felt as though I should be not in the carriage, but by the wayside, timidly curtaying to the passers, tripping along through the clover and wild daisies, with my basket on my arm, my sun-bonnet *on my shoulders*, and leading by the hand my little dark-eyed brother.

Oh, our darling, our youngest, parted from us by strange seas, and wild desert wastes! had you been with us that day, we two would have clasped hands and gone back down the toilsome steep of years into the "happy valley" of childhood! We would have been boy and girl to each other. You would have seen in my changed face the unchangeable tenderness and pride; I would have seen the boy's gentle soul in the world-wearied eyes, heard it in the deepened and saddened tones of the man. How I missed you that day, beloved! and my sisters and brothers, dear ones all, how I missed you then! The shadow of your absence was over everything—touching the brightest scene with a tender melancholy.

Returning, we stopped at *the* house. But see, what an immense letter already! I *can't* finish as I intended, so you are reprieved until next week. Adieu,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 326—Adults 104, and children 222.

☞ Crinoline is but the newfangled term for "farthingale," which Howell (1620) describes as a kind of petticoat extended by hoops, which grows larger and larger towards the bottom, so that the body of a woman, from the waist to the feet, resembles a bee-hive." In 1560 Charles IX. issued an edict fixing a standard for these disguises, "in consequence of the fashion having grown out to such an amazing width."

New Publications.

A Text Book of Vegetable and Animal Physiology, by Henry Goadby, M. D., (D. Appleton, New York,) is designed for the use of schools, seminaries and colleges. Of its scientific merits, which are probably considerable, we are unable to speak critically, but commend it to the attention of all students of physiology. It is due to the author to say, that the work is the result of a conviction that the text-books in use are radically deficient—the botanical works being insufficient as physiologies, and the animal physiologies being simply treatises on anatomy. His book is based upon the knowledge gained by microscopical examinations of the animal and vegetable tissues—a method which has elevated physiology to the dignity of a position among the exact sciences.

On the Authorized Version of the New Testament, by Richard Chenevix Trench, Dean of Westminster, (Redfield, New York,) is the title of a work favorable to a judicious system of Biblical revision, the composition of a man who is undoubtedly one of the ablest philological scholars in England. Divines, and other persons interested in the work of Scriptural emendation, will find many valuable suggestions in this volume.

COLLEGES.

Galena, Laporte Co., Ind.

Mr. Editor of the Sat. Eve. Post:—In The Post for July 31st I saw an inquiry from "L." of Lafayette, in this State, asking where he might find a college or a similar institution where a boy might graduate without being obliged to study the dead languages. I would recommend Hillsdale College, located at Hillsdale, Michigan, as one that would be likely to meet his views. A student may graduate there in the scientific course, and thus learn everything taught in most of our colleges without making any acquaintance with the dead languages, or he may take French, German, &c., in their place. The college is an excellent one, although it has been in operation but a few years. The tuition is cheap, and board may be obtained for $1,50 per week, and room-rent for twenty-five cents per week; all of which, together with much other information, "L." may obtain by sending for a catalogue, which may be procured by addressing the President of the college, Hon. E. B. Fairfield, at Hillsdale.

Yours, truly,

James A. Barns.

TELEGRAPHIANIA.

The newspapers are celebrating the laying of the telegraph in all sorts of styles. Some grow solemn over it—others poetical—others humorous. Among the jokes here are a few:—

THE DISPATCHES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXCHANGED.

From the Evening Post.

The following dispatches are said to have been exchanged to-day by the Queen and President Buchanan, but we do not well see how it was possible, as our Halifax correspondent informs us that no dispatches can be transmitted for several days.

"Windsor Castle, August 6, 1858.

"President Buchanan—Dear Sir:—As you will not permit me to 'visit' you, allow me to drop you a line.

"Faithfully yours,

"VICTORIA REGINA."

REPLY OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN TO THE QUEEN.

"Washington, August 6, 1858.

"My Dear Madam:—It is my impression that you have dropped enough of your line already, and that you are running the thing into the ground.

"Yours, faithfully,

"JAMES BUCHANAN."

The Daily Times has the following:—

AN OLD IMPROMPTU SLIGHTLY ALTERED FOR THE PRESENT OCCASION.

The news from the Continents now,
Is sent through the depths of the sea,
While the fishes, all wagging their tails,
Cry, Gracious, how wise we shall be!

Then here's another, which we may entitle

THE NEW CYRUS.

He, who on Persia's throne,
Asia as a King did own;
He, who when flames were rife,
Crœsus restored to life;
No more we celebrate
As Cyrus the Great!

But he, whose undaunted hope,
Unflinchingly did cope,
With terrors of the deep,
Where Leviathans sweep.

He, whose persistent will
Hath brought an electric thrill
To the enlightened world,
And war's dread banners furled.

To *him* we promptly yield
The honors of the "Field;"
Him, History shall rate,
Henceforth, Cyrus the Great!

The Boston Post is responsible for the following:—

The westward course of empire yet
Demands a higher speed;
Columbia would go ahead,
While Europe lags indeed.

But Field has found a remedy,
As Europe is so slow,
Our continent, impatient, takes
The eastern world in tow.

☞ The Scotch sometimes make as amusing blunders as the Irish. At a meeting of the inhabitants of Gorbals, Baillie Mitchell in the chair, it was coolly resolved and unanimously agreed, amidst rounds of applause, that a new bridge be erected on the *site* of the present wooden one, at the foot of Portland street, and that the bridge trustees be requested to repair and keep open the said wooden bridge *till the new one be built.*

☞ A woman frequently resists the love she feels, but cannot resist the love she inspires.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Change for the Better—A Splendid Spectacle—Doings in Madrid—The Paradise of Sportsmen—A Questionable Visitor—A Romantic Story.

Paris, July 22, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The disapprobation so generally awakened by the proposed forced sale of the Hospital-property of the country, has led to a partial modification of the action of the Government in this matter. Instead of counselling the conversion of all such property into stock in the public funds, the Government will, it is thought, merely recommend and authorize such conversion in cases in which particular portions of Hospital-property are confessedly ill-managed, and in need of being taken out of the hands of their present administrators. Where no special advantage would be obtained by such a conversion, and especially where the will of testators would be violated by the change, the Hospital-property is to be left in its present form. So modified, the action of the Government will probably not excite any farther opposition.

The approaching show-off at Cherbourg is becoming more and more the topic of the day. The presence of the Queen of England at this grand naval display will furnish the most convincing answer to those who represent the alliance of the two Governments as having been weakened by the irritation that followed the attempt of February; and the spectacle as such, will no doubt be productive of great satisfaction to the amateurs of brilliant displays. The French have such an especial talent for getting up magnificent "effects" of every kind, that the Review of the 5th of August will no doubt be memorable among the peaceful displays of warlike preparations, so much in vogue in our day.

While France is preparing this brilliant spectacle for the admiration, and subsequent reflexions of her neighbors, Spain, wonderful to relate, has been getting up a spectacle in honor of the results of engineering skill, such as that distracted country very seldom is able to afford itself. The great want of water has long been a terrible affliction to the capital of that land; and has exercised a most deleterious effect on the health of the city, and the fertility of its environs. This want is now supplied; for, thanks to the beneficent genius of modern science, an aqueduct has brought the waters of the Lozaya, from the Guardarama hills, nearly two hundred miles from Madrid, to the thirsty city. On the 24th of last month the introduction of the stream was heralded by a grand ceremonial. The Queen and Royal Family, including the little Prince of the Asturias, the Ministers, public bodies, and an immense concourse of spectators, assembled in the principal reservoir, which had been decorated and illuminated with the utmost magnificence. The exterior of the reservoir was hung with banners and flowers, and three triumphal arches of boughs and pendants were erected at its entrance. The interior gallery leading to the two descents by which the waters would fall into the reservoir, was sumptuously decorated, and flooded with light from innumerable torches and tapers. In front of one of the descents a chair and footstool were placed for the Queen, while an altar was raised in front of the other, on whose steps the Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo stood ready to bless the waters as soon as they should be released from their prison above. The scene is described as curious, brilliant, and interesting in a high degree; the lights, banners, and flowers, the Queen with her court and her children, the Archbishop with his mitre and robes, and a crowd of clergy shining in gold and embroidery, the gloom of the huge vault overhead, the hush of expectancy that filled the upper part of the reservoir, undoubtedly presented the elements of a picturesque and imposing spectacle. As soon as the Queen had taken her seat, at a signal invisible to the spectators, the dams of the aqueduct were opened, and the pent-up water, with a sudden roar, deep, sullen, and swelling, like the voice of some infernal monster, rushed forth impetuously down the two descents, and fell foaming into the abyss of the reservoir. The impressionable Spaniards seem to have been fairly overcome by the strange sublimity of that tremendous leap of the waters, and were held silent by a sort of ecstatic thrill of admiration and terror. "The Queen's eyes were full of tears, and she was seen to press her hands on her heart," say the Spanish journals. As to the Archbishop, who was to have pronounced a benediction on the waters as they leaped forth under the rod of the modern Moses, he was so taken aback by the scene that he stood for a minute or more with outstretched hands, pointing toward the stream, before he could collect himself sufficiently to pronounce the formula of blessing. The first impression passed, and the blessing duly pronounced, an immense *vivat* broke enthusiastically from the crowd that filled the vault, and was echoed by a hundred voices assembled outside the scene of the ceremony, while the discharge of cannon sent over the town a thundering announcement of the reception of the long-looked-for water. After the termination of the ceremony, the Queen gave a grand dinner to the engineers and company of the water-works, the ministers and leading public men, with the heads of the clergy, being present. It is not every day that one has the satisfaction of recording any of the noble triumphs of modern civilization in Spain; and one can easily understand the enthusiasm with which the patriotic party there have celebrated the termination of this difficult and most valuable undertaking. Thanks to which the thirsty city may now drink its fill, wash and bathe to its heart's content, purify its streets and markets, supply the fainting naiads of its fountains, fertilize its environs, and create rural suburbs to which its wealthier classes may resort for refreshment during the intense heats of the summer. "The crowned city," as the Spaniards style their capital, may now be made somewhat more worthy of the old proverb which speaks as the highest ideal of bliss, of "a seat in Paradise with a little window looking on Madrid."

American sportsmen may be interested in learning the amount of game killed in Bohemia during the last year, as given in the official returns published in the last number of the "Hunters' Journal." From this curious document we learn that the Bohemian sportsmen have brought down 453 stags, 379 does, 131 fawns, 1,306 goats, 211 kids, 4,565 roebucks, 193 dams, 159 fawns, 57 boars, 53 boarsows, 251 little boars, 2,769 snipes, 8,541 moorfowl, 50,609 pheasants, 301,159 partridges, 10,481 quails, 230 wild geese, 11,508 wild ducks, 3,575 woodcocks, 2,580 snipes, 2,680 pigeons, 7,295 rabbits, 573,384 hares, 157 otters, 223 badgers, 4,571 foxes, 2,156 martens, 6,335 pole cats, 33,509 weasels, 69 eagles, 202 owls, 8,569 hawks, 17,185 vultures, kites, tarsels and falcons, 175,000 rooks, crows and magpies, 3,036 squirrels, 1 black crane, 1 great bustard, 3 red partridges, and 1 lammergeyer. The abundance of hares is as curious an item in this list as the paucity of red partridges; and a hint, furnished by the details of this unique document, whose exactness may be, says the Hunters' Journal, implicitly relied on, might be well laid to heart by the sportsmen of all countries; who, comparing the small proportion of females killed in proportion to males, may see, in the unrivalled wealth of game possessed by Bohemia, the excellent results of this provident method of proceeding on the part of the Bohemian sportsmen.

The famous comet of Charles the Fifth, "crooked and hairy," (the comet, that is to not the Emperor, though the description say, might possibly apply to the great earthly potentate as well as to the puzzling celestial visitant!) appears to have "turned up" once more, in a remote corner of our horizon. We have, however, had our feelings so often worked upon of late years respecting the cometary apparitions, and have found the latter so harmless, for all we know to the contrary, that Europe has taken the announcement of the approach of the renowned but mysterious body in question very calmly. Grown brave with impunity, many are even hoping that the "hairy horror" will come sufficiently near our orbit to allow of our having a fair glimpse of its "shining locks." What the army of *clairvoyants* now in the field will have to say with regard to this comet is yet to be seen; but we shall no doubt have plenty of theories and predilections respecting it. Meantime, let me append, for the benefit of those among your readers who may be addicted to the marvellous, the following curious narrative which is just now circulating among those who share that predilection in this part of the world, and which I have jotted down for their especial delectation.

Two or three days ago, in one of the few *salons* of the *faubourg* St. Germain which are still open to a circle of friends, the conversation happened to turn upon magnetism and somnambulism,—favorite topics just now, and both interesting and puzzling, whatever thorough-going skeptics may say to the contrary!—when some of the guests expressed, very freely, their contempt for the class of so-called "phenomena" which of late years has excited such very different emotions among different portions of the public. Among those who spoke with most disdain with regard to these matters, was a M. de L———, who declared himself an utter and systematic unbeliever in the "marvellous," under whatever form presented.

M. de G———, one of the *habitués* of the house, an elderly man of grave and modest exterior, had listened to the eager disquisitions going on around him without speaking; when he suddenly turned to M. de L———.

"You appear resolved, monsieur," remarked this gentleman, "to reject as impossible all the facts of the class we are considering, no matter what may be the nature and amount of the evidence adduced in their support. I have nothing to object to this method of proceeding, for I am neither an apostle nor a practitioner of magnetism; and though I am about to ask you to listen to the recital of an incident which has recently occurred in my own experience, I beg you to believe that I am not a systematic partizan of the ideas we have been passing in review, but merely an honest man, who thinks it only right to state what he himself has actually witnessed.

"I owe my life to the lucidity of a somnambulist," continued M. de G———, to whom all present were now listening with profound attention, "and if you will permit me to do so, I will relate to you the circumstance to which I allude.

"A few months since I went into Normandy, to visit some friends of mine whose family is exceedingly old, and much respected in that part of the country, and whose *chateau*, in the environs of Honfleur, was built, it is believed, in the time of the Emperor Charlemagne.

"In the evening of the day on which I arrived at the *chateau*, we sat round the fire till late in the evening, my hosts recounting to me the history of the ancient manor-house whose walls had often been rent, and its courts and drawbridge deluged with blood, in the struggles of the feudal period. Many of the incidents thus recounted were of great interest and pathos; but an incident which had taken place within its walls at a comparatively recent date, produced on my mind a more vivid impression than any of the legendary memories of the olden time.

"Sixty or seventy years ago a young lady of the chateau had disappeared; a search for her remains was continued for several years, but without success. No trace of any catastrophe was discovered, and the family were reduced to simple conjectures as to the cause of her disappearance. It came at length to be supposed that she had been carried off by pirates from the coast, and the sad event was banished, as much as possible, from the conversation of her relatives, who would fain have forgotten this great grief. But her strange disappearance has never been forgotten; it is constantly speculated upon, to this day, by the peasantry in the neighborhood, and the present possessors of the chateau frequently narrate to their guests the story of their unfortunate great-aunt Clorinde.

"When the group round the fire broke up for the night, I made my way by myself towards the wing of the chateau in which a room had been prepared for me. I had been introduced to this room during the day, and feeling sure of being able to find it without difficulty, I insisted on taking my way to it unaccompanied by a guide.

"I soon had reason to repent of my attempt. I found myself in a dark passage, which was evidently not the one I had passed through in the morning, and which seemed to consist of two interminable walls, without any appearance of a door. Much surprised, and a little uneasy, I felt my way along the cold, bare walls, searching in vain for a door. Suddenly a door opened beneath my touch, which had no doubt encountered some secret spring; I felt myself descend a couple of steps, and caught a rapid and indistinct glimpse of a vast, gloomy hall, whose farther extremity was lost in the surrounding darkness. Almost at the same instant, a draught of wind extinguished my taper. I sought to regain the door, but it appeared to have closed of itself behind me, and though I felt carefully along the wall for an opening, none was to be found. In throwing out my arms in every direction in the hope of finding some issue, I encountered various cold and polished surfaces, whose contact sent a shiver of terror through my veins and gave out a hollow ring at every touch. Despairing of finding my way out of this hall, and meeting nothing in the shape of a seat, I at last lay down on the ground, and awaited the return of daylight. After an hour or two of uneasy watching I fell asleep; nor did I awake until the day was high.

"On looking about me, I at first perceived only a confused collection of armor, helmets, shields, and rusty swords; but a cry of horror escaped me as I perceived myself in presence of the skeleton of a woman, arrayed in a gown of faded blue satin. A few shining flaxen hairs still hung from the fleshless skull; and the white teeth glistened in the grinning hollow of the empty mouth.

"Here then, was the secret of the mysterious disappearance of the fair Lady Clorinde; fallen, like me, into this hideous tomb, without any visible issue, and which had evidently served, in former times, as a place of retreat for the warlike masters of the *chateau* when too closely pressed by the enemy.

"Filled with horrible forebodings by this discovery, I began to shout for help with all my might, striking the walls with my fists and heels, and rushing like a madman from one side of the hall to the other. The sun sank at length, and left me to another night of unspeakable anguish.

"The next day passed as the preceding one had done; I wore myself out with my frantic efforts to attract the attention of my friends, who were no doubt searching for me in every known corner of the vast chateau, and within a few hundred feet of whom I was probably destined to perish by the same hideous death that had overtaken the poor lady whose solitary death-agony had thus preceded mine. The return of night sufficed to destroy all the little remains of courage that had supported me hitherto. I threw myself on the cold, hard pavement at the foot of the wall, and commending my soul to Heaven, awaited my doom in hopeless, stupefied prostration.

"Next morning I was wakened by a sound just above my head, like that of faint and distant blows of a pickaxe. Summoning my failing energies, I cried aloud, and struck on the wall with the rusty handle of a crusader's sword. My signals were heard; friendly voices reached my ear with greater distinctness, and after three hours of labor on the part of my friendly deliverers, a breach was effected in the wall, and I was saved.

"I pass over the joy of my deliverance, the interest and amazement of my friends," continued M. de G———, "to tell you of what had taken place during my incarceration.

"My friends, excessively alarmed at my disappearance, which bade fair to assume the same mysterious character as that of the unfortunate Lady Clorinde, had sent off to Honfleur to consult a *clairvoyanté* of that town. The latter, having been put into the mesmeric sleep, demanded to be conveyed to the *chateau*, and on arriving there, and being replaced in the somnambulic state, had declared that I was in the *chateau*, had guided my friends to the corridor into which I had wandered, and had ordered a breach to be made in the wall, declaring that I was confined in a vast apartment on the other side of it, and still alive.

"My friends immediately set workmen to break through this wall with their picks, a work of no small difficulty, the walls being enormously thick; but the sound of the picks having roused me from my torpor, the certainty that I was there had soon been acquired, as I have already stated.

"I must add, however, that the same somnambulist declared that a treasure was buried in a certain part of the *chateau*. Induced, by the precision of her lucidity with regard to myself, the owner has spent 50,000 francs in searching for this treasure, but nothing of the kind has been discovered." QUANTUM.

I am not one who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk
Of friends who live within an easy walk;
Or neighbors, daily, weekly in my sight:
And, for my chance acquaintance, ladies bright,
Sons, mothers, maidens, withering on the stalk,
These all wear out of me, like forms with chalk
Painted on rich men's floors for one feast night.
Better than such discourse doth silence, long,
Long, barren silence square with my desire;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

—*Wordsworth.*

☞ Mr. Serjeant Parry was striving to impugn the testimony of a witness by random shots of cross-examination. "Have you ever been accused of anything?" he asked. "Yes," answered the witness, surlily. "Oh, indeed! Before a magistrate, pray?" "Yes." "May I ask whether you were committed for trial?" "To be sure I was. You ought to know; you defended me." "Ha!" returned the serjeant, with great readiness, "then you were acquitted, of course." The witness, amid a great burst of merriment, admitted that this had actually been the case.—*English Paper.*

☞ A countryman was dragging a *calf* by a rope in a cruel manner. An Irishman asked him if that was the way he trated his fellow creatures.

THE ELECTIONS.

Missouri Election.—The election for Congress in Missouri has resulted in a complete Democratic victory, J. R. Barrett, Thos. L. Anderson, James A. Craig, John B. Clark, John S. Phelps, Samuel H. Woodson, and J. W. Noel, all Democrats, being elected to Congress. The same party have carried the Legislature, to which body only one Republican, it is stated, has been elected. The Democratic majority in the State is reported to be 26,000.

Kentucky.—Revill, the Democratic candidate for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, is elected by between 10,000 and 12,000 majority.

North Carolina.—The returns from thirty counties show a Democratic gain of more than 743 on the last election, when the majority of that party was 12,594. The Legislature also will be Democratic.

Baltimore, August 12.—Intelligence has been received here that Vance (American) is elected to Congress over Avery (Democrat) in Clingman's district.

Kansas.—The returns from fourteen counties, (seven official,) give a majority against the Lecompton Constitution of 6,500.

Against Lecompton,	- -	8,000
For do.	- -	1,500
Majority against,	- - -	6,500

The number of counties that remain to be heard from is 22.

Arkansas.—In this State there seems to have been no opposition to the Democrats. In the first district T. C. Hindman is elected to Congress without opposition, and in the second, Albert Rust, the regular Democratic nominee, is said to be elected by a large majority over T. S. Drew, former Governor of the State.

OLD HUNX ON A BEAUTIFUL MANTUA-MAKER.

Beneath this mound of verdant sward,
Sleeps one whom Cambridge youths adored.
Sweet girl! she's gone to Heaven;—although
Her life was only sew and sew. —*Boston Post.*

☞ A wealthy Mussulman at Constantinople contemplated giving a costly and sumptuous entertainment to his friends. But he said to himself, "Tootky Yedim!" "Suppose I had eaten it!" And saving the funds, adding to them from time to time, was enabled at last to build a grand mosque, which is called, from the incident, Tootky Yedim.

☞ The following is a specimen of sharp shooting between a coquette and her lover—

"You men are angels when you woo the maid,
But devils when the marriage vow is paid."

The lover, not to be outdone, replied as follows:—

"The change, dear girl, is easily forgiven,
We find we are in hell instead of heaven."

☞ Mrs. Maltbone, in New Haven, is troubled with dyspepsia, and has bad dreams. One morning at her breakfast she was complaining sadly, and described her sensations to her sympathizing husband. "I was all the time climbing up, up, up hill; every little while I stopped to rest, and then up, up, up. Oh, I was so tired! The fact is, I had a real nightmare." "Then why, my dear," said the affectionate husband, "why didn't you get on and ride?"

☞ Naturally women talk more than men. The learned Buxtorf informs us, in his Hebrew Lexicon, that the primeval name, Eve, is derived from a root signifying Talk; and it was perhaps from a dim idea of this kind that the Rabbins owed their tradition that twelve baskets of chit-chat—it could not be gossip, for there were no neighbors to gossip about—were rained down into Paradise for Adam and Eve to amuse themselves with; of which twelve Adam picked up three, and Eve the other nine—*Elizabeth Strutt.*

Next to sincerity, remember still,
Thou must resolve upon integrity.
God will have all thou hast—thy mind, thy will,
Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works.

—*George Herbert.*

☞ People's ideas of comfort vary. A celebrated hangman in England, showing the gallows attached to Newgate, observed to the bystanders that he had hung twenty persons on it at one time. Some one suggested that it was too small. "Oh, no, bless your honor," said the hangman, "twenty-five people could swing on that very comfortably."

☞ Some good qualities are not unfrequently created by the belief of their existence; for men are usually anxious to justify the good opinion entertained of them.

☞ When Lord Townsend was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the then Provost of Dublin lost no opportunity of repeating solicitations for "places." "My dear Hely," said his lordship, "you have a great many things, and I have nothing to give but a captaincy of dragoons." "I accept it then," replied the Provost.—"What, you take a captaincy," answered his lordship. "Zounds! it is impossible; I only meant it as a joke." "*And I accept it,*" replied the provost, "*merely to show you how well I can take a joke!*"

☞ He who possesses an heir in his own child, carries his eye over hopes and possessions lying far beyond his gravestone; viewing his life, even here, as a period (!) but closed with a comma. He who sees his heir in another man's child, sees the full stop at the end of the sentence.—*Bulwer.*

☞ Advantage of Education.—"Doctor," said an old lady the other day, to her family physician, "kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born dum?" "Why, hem; certainly, madam!" replied the doctor. "It is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the power of speech!" "La, me!" remarked the old lady; "now jest see what it is to have a edication! I've axed my old man more nor a hundred times that ere same thing; and all I could get out of him was '*Know they is!*'"

☞ Great and rare offerings are found almost exclusively among women; nearly all the happiness and the most blessed moments in love are of their creating, and so also in friendship, especially when it follows love.—*Ducloz.*

☞ A man in Ireland, charged with highway robbery, was brought to trial, during which he several times roared out from the dock that he was guilty; but the jury found a verdict of "Not Guilty." The astonished judge exclaimed, "Why, gentlemen, did you not hear the man himself declare his guilt?" "We did, my lord," replied the foreman, "and that was why we acquitted him; for we know the fellow to be so notorious a liar that he never told a word of truth in his life."

☞ All men who do anything, must endure a depreciation of their efforts. It is the dirt which their chariot wheels throw up.

Foreign Items.—The Goodwood Cup was won by Saunterer. The only American horse started was Charleston, and he came in last but one. Fisherman was second—nothing else was near. Only eight horses ran; the owner of Saunterer is said to have won £20,000.

Later dates from Bombay had been received. The re-capture of Gwalinr is confirmed, and the Rebel fugitives had been hemmed in by the British troops, so that escape was thought to be impossible. The Rebels lost 27 guns, besides a number of elephants and a large amount of treasure.

The British had gained a brilliant victory near Cawnpore, in which the Rebels lost six hundred men.

On Friday, in the House of Lords, Lord Donoughmore stated that the arrangement was not completed for the telegraph to India, but the Government had determined to select the Red Sea route, and that the communication would be completed early next year, as far as Brousa.

In the House of Commons, Lord Stanley stated that the whole number of forces in India and en route, including the East India Company's troops, and deducting for casualties, was 86,000 men. Of the Indian Loan, £4,400,000 had been borrowed, leaving £3,500,000 to be obtained. There would be ample means from this source to defray the expenses of the whole current year. Instructions had been sent out not to interfere with the religion of the natives.

George Peabody, Esq., had given a banquet to Mr. Mason, the U. S. Minister to France.—More than a hundred Americans and Englishmen were present. Various amicable toasts were drank, and speeches delivered.

The London Times, in commenting on the Indian news, says that it had more effect in restoring confidence on 'Change than had been produced on any former occasion.

The London Globe says that only two ships-of-war, besides the Royal Albert and the Admiralty yachts, will accompany the Queen to Cherbourg.

It is rumored that the Credit Mobilier is to wind up, or a fusion contrived with the discount Bank of M. de St. Paul.

Prince Napoleon is said to be devising measures for directing the stream of emigration in France and Germany from America to Algeria.

Two hundred persons implicated in the Jeddah massacre have been arrested.

Private letters, received by the Niagara, under date of August 11th, report that the Cotton market on that day was buoyant, and that the decline submitted to in the early part of the week had been recovered. The figures given are 1-16 a ⅛ above those quoted in the regular newspaper despatch.

From California.—The St. Louis and Star of the West left Aspinwall on the 3rd, and bring the mails to the 20th, and $1,500,000.

The Golden Age brought down from San Francisco upwards of $1,800,000 in gold, including $25,000 from the Fraser River mines, destined for England.

The advices from Fraser River are somewhat contradictory, and the excitement had somewhat subsided. Other gold discoveries are reported further north, on the other side of Natchez Pass.

Nearly forty vessels had left San Francisco during the fortnight, for the new gold diggings.

The Cortes, from Victoria, arrived at San Francisco, with 350 passengers on board, *from* the gold diggings on Fraser River. They report that the miners are taking out little or no gold, and actually in a state of starvation.

The San Francisco Herald argues that there will be great distress from the Fraser River excitement, and that thousands would willingly get home, if they could.

There have been no dry diggings found out yet, nor hill diggings, and it is argued that the gold on the bars will not afford sufficient mining to the overwhelming emigration.

A strong contention had arisen among the Democrats of California, for the possession of the nominating Convention, the contest being between the Douglas men, under Mr. Broderick, and the friends of the Administration.

The Oregon Legislature has chosen General Lane and Delazon Smith, United States Senators.

The Olympia Pioneer states that in the attack, before reported, made by the Indians upon a party of miners going up the Columbia river, there were 18 whites and more than 100 Indians killed.

There has been a collision between the Mercer Mining Company, in Mariposa county, and some of Col. Fremont's men. The Mining Company made an armed attack upon Fremont's men, who were working a lead quartz at the Pine Tree drift. Fremont's men defended themselves, holding possession of the place, with arms in their hands, for several days. An application was finally made to the Governor, who was preparing to call out the military, when the assailants withdrew, leaving Col. Fremont's men in possession.

The steamer Commodore, which left San Francisco on the 8th of July for Victoria, had returned in a sinking condition. She had a large freight and many passengers. The passengers came near lynching the owner.

A Rose de Chambre.—The Paris press thus relates an incident that happened in that city and caused great glee. Mr. X. is married, and the father of a charming girl. So on St. John's day, which was also his birthday, the mother and daughter made a present to Mr. X. of a magnificent *robe de chambre*, which proved to have only one defect, that of being too long by more than a quarter of a yard. It was in the evening of the 23rd of June that they ascertained this, and Madame X., who, that evening, remained at home, while her husband and daughter were at a party, took the opportunity to shorten the robe without saying a word to anybody. The next day Mademoiselle X. rising very early, hastened with the same discretion, to cut off the bottom of the garment, which she thought too long; and two hours afterwards, when Mr. X on getting up, perceived the *robe de chambre* thrown across a portmanteau, he immediately directed his servant to take it quickly to the tailor to take off the quarter of a yard, which he thought was still on. Alas! when they brought back the unfortunate garment at dinner time, and Mr. X. called his friends to admire his present, he found that instead of a quarter of a yard, it was shortened by nearly a yard, and was no longer a *robe de chambre*, but only a *rest*. Imagine the laughter which ensued when all was explained. However, it may be imagined that neither Madame nor M'lle X. joined in the laugh very heartily.

☞ Cardinal de Retz desired Menage to give him a few lectures on poetry. "For," said he, "such quantities of verses are brought me every day that I ought to seem at least to be somewhat of a judge." "It would be hard," replied Menage, "to give your eminence many rudiments of criticism without spending too much of your time. But I advise you, in general, to look over the first page or two, and then exclaim, 'Sad stuff! wretched poetaster! miserable verses!' Ninety-nine times in a hundred you will surely be right."

☞ People of little minds are not happy in art for its own sake; while at work they always have before their eyes what they shall get by what they are doing. Such worldly views and tendencies never yet produced anything great.

☞ Doctor Charles Wilson has written a volume of some hundred pages, to explain the *pati*-ology of drunkenness. Diogenes defines it in two syllables—*sig-nay!*

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

For a while the months glided by without external change in my occupations. Moons came and went, and the outward remained unchanged. Not so, however, my inner being. My intellect declared to me that the evidence of the existence of a God was as convincing as it could be. Absolute demonstration I saw was not admissable because it would be coercive; and the coercion of the moral faculties would be equivalent to their annihilation. The freedom of the moral faculties is part of their very nature and essence. Consequently unlike the intellect whose nature is of the converse sort—not to choose but to obey—they must not be acted upon coercively by irresistible demonstration; but a case of probabilities merely must be set before them, which they should be able to accept or reject conformably with their own connate disposition. Now I saw that if I were *disposed* to believe in a God, the evidence was ample; although if *indisposed*, materials might be gathered for a demurrer. But I saw also, that if I adopted the latter course it would be from disaffection to the rule of a Creator; a moral pravity in a creature.

Some have said that event follows event without connexion or dependence. But the highest of all intellectual tribunals, the common sense of our race, pronounces this notion to be false. And one of the most pertinent proofs that it is so, arises from the fact that the very individuals who have held the principle in theory, have always denied it in fact just like other men. David Hume, for instance, never neglected the causes which would render him a competent historian; the means which would have the effect of supplying his food and raiment. The consciousness of cause and effect is positively constructed in us, positively forced upon us, before we are old enough to exercise any will or knowledge in the matter. The child of three years old learns when burnt, that fire is the cause of his suffering; that his suffering is the effect of the fire. You cannot prevent him from learning this lesson; from imbibing this consciousness of cause and effect. You cannot so much as let him live, and not let him at the same time learn, that one occurrence *depends* (pendere) on another. Though you should bind him to his cradle with a chain of steel, and do no more than supply his lips with food; the divine spark which dwells in that neglected tenement will light him to the conclusion that you are the *cause* of the pleasant sensations he derives from the supply of food; that the supply of food is the effect of your approach. No man, therefore, ought to have denied the dependency of events; and the subsistence of all things by means of causation. Every man knows full well, that to-morrow will show the hand of to-day upon its form and character; and that in to-day we find the consequences of what happened yesterday; yea of what happened months, and years, and centuries ago. Is the present advanced condition of the United States no *effect* of the revolution? Have wars left no *effect* on the finances of nations? Evidently all existence is bound together by the chain of CAUSATION. But if the least circumstance cannot transpire without its own *appropriate* antecedent—its cause adapt and adequate—how perverse, how vain to deny a cause to the earth, and all that it contains, and the stupendous system of stars and planets; and more than all to the soul of man. How weak to doubt whether the causative agent of effects so wonderful, was or was not Intelligent, Infinite, Immortal, from everlasting and to everlasting. How far nobler, how far more rational, how far more consolatory, how far more consistent with our own honor, to acknowledge the indications of the Immortal God wherewith we are surrounded; than in blindness, and perversity, and miserable anticipation of a guideless, guardless future, see ourselves only as the denizens of a fatherless universe.

To go no further than man, what a mystery of wonders we have before us:—mechanical contrivances without end; ropes, and levers and pulleys, adjusted with the most consummate skill; difficulties overcome with each artistic ingenuity, that the machinist at once recognizes the very expedients he would have resorted to in like exigencies if so fortunate as to have bethought himself of them; in optics, a provision—to pass by all else, such as the science and art of man does not even dare to hope to imitate—the contractile power; a chemistry so elaborate and exact that the introduction of a false element into its processes brings in immediate disturbance and death. Now, the man is a living mill, grinding his own food; now he is a weight-moving machine; now he is a self-propelling boat. He mines the solid rock; he soars off into the clouds; he descends many a fathom into the deep; he ploughs, he sows, he reaps, he works in wood, in iron, in stone, in gold, in cotton, in wool, in silk. He finds his way through the pathless deserts; he outrides the utmost violence of tempests and the main; he counts the stars; he conducts armies; he makes music beneath which the soul lies enchanted as beneath the wand of the sorcerer. His, the infallible calculus; his, an immutable geometry; his, the solemn strains of David and Isaiah, the deathless song of Homer and Milton; his, the chisel of Praxitiles, and the marvellous pencil of Italian painters. Shall even the little coffee mill, the boy's spinning top, this pen that I write with—shall these need a maker and a careful and curious making, and will you tell me that this miraculous machine, this mystery of wonders, MAN, needs none? I cannot believe it. I could not, though I should waste ÆONS in the endeavor. At all events my faith is the faith of Reason. I commit no offence against nature and probability. I learn the lesson which universal experience places before me. When I go to my final account I can have no crime to answer for in thus doing.

And yet, what after all is man, more than a solitary item of the vast totality; the unit numerator of an infinitesimal denominator! Who, who will tell the limits of the field of marvels? The appalling fire-power and vastness of the sun; the paradox of the earth's movement, so great and at the same time so wholly imperceptible to its inhabitants; the placid moon; the dark blue vault of heaven; the innumerable stars, age after age looking down upon the transitory scenes of this earth, and watching generation after generation pass away whilst they sit ever the same on their steadfast, inaccessible thrones:—lands and oceans, the changeful clouds and the everlasting hills;—beasts of mighty stature, birds of richest beauty; the young panther playing in the wilderness, and the shapely fish darting about in its clear cool world of crystal; flowers, the alphabet of the mind of God, the first signs whereby He begins to reveal Himself to the soul of the infant; and that infant itself with two sworn guardians of its helplessness, and its luxurious nesting place in its mother's bosom, and its self-replenishing garner of sweet warm food ever ready, ever wooing its lips:—then populous cities full of knowledge and of admirable arts, thronged with men apt at council and heroic deeds, and women angel-like; ships sailing on the sea, prison-houses, the thoughtless ball room and the grave-yard forlorn; long ages past and generations departed, ages and generations yet to come; vast armies battling with spear and shield and helm on the plains of Palestine, or hurling at each other the thunderbolts of more modern warfare; learning in rapt converse with its oracles within the hoary walls of colleges; statesmanship debating the fates of nations and of centuries yet to come; piety seeking farthest heathen shores to win the lost idolater to God, and rescue the cannibal from the category of brutes, the infamous infanticide and abominable thug from their fell unearthly superstitions; youth, with its bounding heart, age, with its profitable wisdom; vice, with its dark death-horror; *virtue*, with its serenest-evening close of a well-spent life. Will any one say, that such multifarious wonders yield no indications of a most illustrious artificer? Can anything be more evident than that in this surprising scheme of things, man and his affairs have been made the supreme consideration? What supposition will satisfy the problem of his nature, but that of his being placed here for awhile to be the fashioner of his own eternal destinies for good or ill. If there be no God and no immortality of the soul, how could matters be otherwise and more fitly conducted for the purpose supposed, if there were a God and an immortality of the soul?

Phrenology, now an experimental and thus sure science, attests the brain to be an aggregation of organs, each having its own specific function. Moreover it attests that the function of the central and coronal organ is veneration or worship; and that next surrounding it are the organs of benevolence or love, of hope, and of conscientiousness and firmness. Now this is precisely the account of the mind of man and the relative value of its faculties which Revelation gave two thousand years ago. First of its functions, the Worship of God:—next, Faith or Conscientious Firmness, Hope, and Charity or Love. So that material science within the present century has come forward to attest what the Bible revealed twenty centuries ago. It is a circumstance most worthy to be observed and reflected on, that there has never been any other system of moral and religious doctrines which has furnished this identical classification and exposition, so explicitly consonant with inductive science.

But there was one argument which did more to convince me of the being of a God than any other; and in fact more than all others put together. It is this. Mankind have ever recognized the existence of a God: men in all ages have worshipped an Invisible Omnipotent Intelligence. At no time, in no manner, in no instance has there been detected any such thing in the brute races. *If therefore there is no God, man is in error, and the brutes right.* Our vaunted Reason has altogether and utterly misled us, whilst the instinct of the *brutes* has found the truth. That faculty which reared pyramids, which imagined the solemn grandeur of temples, which achieved all the conquests of the engineer; that faculty which gathered an Alexandrian library, executed all statuary and all painting, fathomed space to the distance of billions of miles, calculated the speed of light, composed the most heavenly symphonies, speculated upon the ethics of a divine conduct, lived the life of the hero, and died the death of the martyr, *is less and lower than that which eats the grass and obeys the driver's rein.* Cruellest of dilemmas this, my Atheism fell at once before it, gored to instant death by its terrible horns.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MASCULINE LADY.—Madame X——, of Paris, has the misfortune to be intensely masculine in her appearance—resembling, somewhat in hardness of feature, one of the witches in Macbeth. Lately, in crossing the French frontier on her way to Germany, she was stopped by the custom-house officials, who—being deceived by her military aspect, and the decided mustache on her upper lip—could not possibly be made to believe that she was a woman. They persisted in declaring that she was a man in disguise, and that her assumed plumptitude of chest was but a chest of smuggled lace or other prohibited merchandise. They insisted upon putting this latter assertion to the proof. Madame X—— strenuously objected, and claimed the right of being searched by one of her own sex, as is, indeed, the custom. But the female agent detailed for that purpose also partook of the error of the officials, and long refused to undress the *gentleman*; she was, at last, only induced to perform the delicate experiment after much persuasion, and in company with a sister searcher.

☞ One half of our jests may be traced to Bagdad. How many versions have we not seen of the following Eastern anecdote? A preacher in a mosque began the history of Noah with this text from the Koran:—"I have called Noah;" but forgetting the rest of the verse, repeated the same words over and over. At length one of his hearers cried out, "If Noah will not come, call somebody else."

☞ As they who for every slight sickness take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it, so they who for every trifle are eager to vindicate their character do rather weaken it.—*Montaigne.*

THE LAWS OF MARRIAGE.

The following article, from a correspondent of the Boston Evening Transcript, contains some considerations for those who have not yet entered into matrimonial bonds:

One of the greatest questions that is at present forcing itself upon the consideration of the age is the great one of whom shall we marry? and as supplementary to that, what shall work the dissolution of the marriage bond? These great questions have, for years, with the subtle analysis that marks our times, received profound attention from the physiologist on the one hand, and the psychologist on the other. I wish in this article to give a review of the opinions of each of them.

The prevalent psychological belief on these matters has found its expression in the pages of novelists. It is that marriage should be the result of an overmastering and usually blind sentiment, technically known as romantic love. That such a sentiment as this does exist in the range of human feelings, in other words, is a splendid reality, no man conversant with the history of his kind can deny.

This sentiment is, before marriage, much more general among women than among men. Among maidens, it is the rule; among unmarried men, it is the exception. Among the hundreds of unmarried men whom I have known, and who have made high-minded and satisfactory husbands, it would be an extravagant estimate to say that twenty per cent. of them have felt the passion of love anterior to marriage, as maidens feel it, or as novels teach it. And I know that, if most men were to delay marriage, till they realized the feelings of a Romeo or an Eldon, they would never attain "that only bliss that has survived the fall." Here, then, is a large class of men eminently fitted to be the heads of happy homes, who, if they would fulfill the relations for which nature has designed them, must be led into marriage by another guide than love, as it is usually understood. That guide is easily designated as preference guided by judgment.

In the matter of romantic love we are liable to many mistakes. I have known a strong-natured man to love a timid, shrinking girl, as a father would love a child. He married for love, and married honestly. But when the hour came that he needed in his wife a companion, a consolation, he found that, as a guide to marriage, his passion had proved a mistaken one. On the other hand, a man may love a woman from gratitude, almost as he would love a guardian—marry from love in honesty, and waken to a bitter regret. And it is a fact too well established to be denied, that many a marriage, beginning in a love as deep and as full as ever was depicted by a Scott or a Goethe, has resulted in wretchedness. I have seen such. For reasons like these, I should say that the only safe rule for marriage, in any case, is preference, guided by judgment, even if the sacrifice of "love's young dream" be the "cutting off of the right hand," or the "plucking out of the right eye."

In the sermon on the Mount, I find a rule with regard to marriage. I take a human being's love, his life, his magnificent domestic possibilities, to be his pearls, if any thing can be thus designated. We are told not to cast these pearls before swine. If I, therefore, an earnest man, in politics, religion or social regeneration, bestow a soul, thus devoted, upon a woman whose beauty or accomplishments have fascinated me, but who is thoroughly indifferent to my relations to duty, I have a substantial guarantee of a wretched life. Do not misunderstand me. A man does not want a wife who can grasp and execute like himself. But he does want one who can appreciate and sympathize. A Whitfield does not want a wife who can rouse to ecstacy Spitalfield weavers and Cornish miners. But he does want a wife who loves Methodism, rather than Presbyterianism or Unitarianism, or who is interested in souls, rather than in literature or fashion. In minor matters, like habits, tastes and manners, of course judgment must be used; but I have sufficiently designated its form of action. I must here, however, put in a caveat against refining too far, in this action of the judgment. Perfect unison can be looked for nowhere.

If what I have said already be true, it is evident that marriage should never take place till the parties have learned what life really is, and their views of duty have become well defined. The man or the woman who marries another who is not yet in earnest about anything, runs a great risk. In the years to come there may be an eternal divergence. Another inevitable corollary is that marriage should never follow a short or superficial acquaintance. "Marry in haste to repent at leisure," be it the wit of what one it will, is undoubtedly the dearly bought wisdom of many.

In conversation with Boswell, I believe, his sound-brained old friend scouted the idea that some particular woman was indispensable to the happiness of some one particular man, and added that there were fifty women, probably, whom any man knew who would make him as happy as any other could.

Marriage has shown in this country, of late years, most wretched phases. Crowds of instances like those of —— —— and the New York Hotel, have been noised over the world. Crowds of instances that are known only in limited circles, occur daily. The spread of the free love doctrine, shows a deep-seated disease that demands so radical a remedy. In Europe, where marriages of convenience are very common, this demand might naturally have been looked for, if the usually received love theory were correct. But in this land, where a competence is attainable by every one, and a mesalliance is an impossibility, our people have married in accordance with the teachings of Felicia Hemans and Letitia Landon. And the result, I think, has shown that suggestions of the use of the judgment in forming a union were not needless. And let me not be accused of a cold, stupid idea of dealing with what should be alone a dictate of the heart. I said, "preference guided by judgment." And I believe that the man who can say to a woman, "I not only prefer you from feeling, but my judgment approves what my affections suggested," pays her a higher and more delicate compliment than the one who says: "I will love in defiance of every dictate of prudence, and every consideration of duty."

ON THE SEA.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The pathway of the rising moon
  Fades from the silent bay;
The mountain isles loom large and faint,
  Folded in shadows gray.
And the lights of land are setting stars,
  That soon will pass away.

Oh, boatman, cease thy mellow song!
  Oh, minstrel, drop thy lyre!
Let us hear the voice of the midnight sea,
  Let us speak as the waves inspire,
While the plashy dip of the languid oar
  Is a furrow of silver fire.

Day cannot make thee half so fair,
  Nor the star of eve so dear;
The arms that clasp and the breast that keeps,
  They tell me thou art near,
And the perfect beauty of thy face
  In thy murmured words I hear.

The lights of land have dropped below
  The vast and glimmering sea;
The world we leave is a tale that is told,—
  A fable, that cannot be.
There is no life in the sphery dark,
  But the love in thee and me!

ORIGINAL MODE OF DECIDING THE ANTIQUITY OF RACE.—The Egyptians, before the reign of their King Psammetichus, believed themselves to be the most ancient of mankind. Since Psammetichus, however, made an attempt to discover who were actually the primitive race, they have been of opinion that, while they surpass all other nations, the Phrygians surpass them in antiquity. This king, finding it impossible to make out by dint of inquiry what men were the most ancient, contrived the following method of discovery:—He took two children of the common sort, and gave them over to a herdsman to bring up at his folds, strictly charging him to let no one utter a word in their presence, but to keep them in a sequestered cottage, and from time to time introduce goats to their apartment, see that they got their fill of milk, and in all other respects look after them. His object herein was to know, after the indistinct babblings of infancy were over, what word they would first articulate. It happened as he had anticipated. The herdsman obeyed his orders for two years, and at the end of that time, on his one day opening the door of the room, and going in, the children both ran up to him with outstretched arms, and distinctly said, "Becos." When this first happened the herdsman took no notice; but afterwards, when he observed, on coming often to see after them, that the word was constantly in their mouths, he informed his lord, and, by his command, brought the children into his presence. Psammetichus then himself heard them say the word, upon which he proceeded to make inquiry what people there was who called anything "Becos," and hereupon he learnt that "Becos" was the Phrygian name for bread. In consideration of this circumstance, the Egyptians yielded their claims, and admitted the greater antiquity of the Phrygians. That these were the real facts I learnt at Memphis, from the priests of Vulcan. The Greeks, among other foolish tales, relate that Psammetichus had the children brought up by women whose tongues he had previously cut out; but the priests said their bringing up was such as I have stated above.—*Rawlinson's History of Herodotus.*

A DREAM OF DEATH FULFILLED BY FEAR.—A farmer's wife has been relating to me the circumstances attendant upon the death of her father; and, as they bear a certain degree of similarity to the narrative of "Lord Lyttleton and the Ghost," they are, perhaps, worthy of a note; more especially as they would seem to bear out your correspondent's remark—"that the sudden revulsion of feeling, from a state of fancied security to the finding himself at the moment in the very instant of the dreaded danger, had caused such a reaction as to bring on fits which carried him off." My informant told me that her father was taken ill about Christmas time. One night he dreamed—or, as he said, "he awoke and saw" two men fighting together at the foot of his bed, one of whom told him that he would die on the ensuing 13th of March. In the morning he related this to his family, and both he and they made light of it. He shortly after this recovered; and when the 13th of March came, he was, apparently, in very good health. On the evening of that day he referred to his dream, and observed, "I have done the ghost!" "Don't be too sure of that," said a foolish old woman, who was present; "it's the New Style now, and ghosts don't know anything about it.—They always go by the Old Style!" and this village oracle told him that it would not really be the 13th of March (by the ghost's calendar) for—if I remember rightly—twelve days to come. The farmer laid this to his heart; took to his bed, and died on the very day predicted by the old woman, who, notwithstanding that he ascribed the calamity to the ghostly warning, would have met her deserts by a summary conviction for manslaughter.—*Notes and Queries.*

MODE OF STRAINING COFFEE IN THE EAST.—A letter from Bangalore, dated March 9th, 1858, says:—"The lady of the house went to the cook room to ascertain the reason of the coffee being delayed, and found the cook and his wife straining it through one of 'master's socks,' and the cook-room the abode of a family of dirty children, poultry, &c. The following colloquy between a European gentleman and his servant, which I can vouch for, will serve to confirm my notion of the rather general use of the sock, in the delicate operation of straining coffee:—'Boy, why doesn't the washerman wash my socks better? Look at this' (holding up a brown-toed sock.) Boy: 'Not washerman, sir; that coffee color.' Master: 'What, you scoundrel! you strain the coffee through a sock?' Boy: 'I never take master's *clean* sock. When master been wear it, I take for strain coffee.' Which makes 'master' feel as if suddenly sent to sea. This is no myth."

☞ In everything that women write, there will be a thousand faults against grammar, but to a certainty always a charm never to be found in the letters of men.—*Madame de Maintenon.*

DEATH IN THE BATH.

The public journals chronicle the death of a woman at the Red Sweet Springs in Virginia, on the 3rd instant, while in the act of bathing. In these days of hot weather and sunstroke, people are prone to imagine the bath a safe as well as agreeable resort. But it is a luxury that must be enjoyed with caution. Due regard must be paid to the state of the system, the time of the day, and the probabilities of subsequent exposure.

The skin secretes an oil for the purpose of lubrication and protection from the vicissitudes of the weather, which washing removes, leaving the dermis exposed till it can have time to renew the secretion and pour it upon the surface. The ardent heat of the sun at such times will inflame the skin, sometimes disorganizing its texture and destroying it entirely, but more often producing a disagreeable sense of feverishness. Aware of this liability, the Orientals and South Sea Islanders always anoint themselves after bathing, and thus avert ill consequences. A bath taken at night or in the early morning probably is less liable to this inconvenience.

Long continuance in the water reduces the tone of the system, enfeebles the organs, and palsies the action of the heart. Instances are on record of children that have died when no evidence of disease was proved but the degenerated vitality occasioned in this way. It is certain that a person suffers material reduction of strength, is less disposed to exertion, and less capable of enduring fatigue, after taking a bath. The energy of the system is temporarily impaired. In case of previous chronic feebleness it is apparent that care is especially required.

A bath taken soon after a meal, particularly after a hearty dinner, is in the highest degree dangerous. Then the blood is directed to the stomach, and nervous energy is there concentrated to dispose of the indigested food. The brain is unwilling to be tasked, because it is not receiving its allowance of blood, and its vigor is called elsewhere; the muscles demand a season of rest, that they may not distract the stomach from its duty, and the extremities are often cold during the digestive process, because they are deprived of a portion of their blood. The heart alone insists on the continuance of its ordinary activity.

The bath taken under whatever form, produces a shock upon the whole nervous system. The effect of this, where there is insufficient reacting power, is to impair directly and instantaneously the contractile power of the muscles, and of the heart in particular, which is itself but a muscle; and if the shock is sufficiently severe, syncope and death are sure to supervene. It is well known that a blow struck upon the stomach shortly after a full meal often results fatally. The shock of a bath is as a blow, not upon the epigastrium simply, but upon the whole surface, and the tendency is to paralyze the muscular system, and produce death at once. The cold bath, it will be seen, is most likely to produce this consequence.

While, therefore, people resort to the bath for relief from the oppressive heat of the weather, they should be mindful that there are proper and improper times for the indulgence, to which they will do well if they take diligent heed, if they would not be surprised by palsy or death.—*N. Y. Post.*

LET IT GO.—A good parson had been preaching, upon a certain Sunday morning, from a text including the parable of the two houses, one of which stood upon a rock, and the other upon the sand; a parable which we may *reasonably* assume is not unknown to any reader of these pages. He warmed with the force and beauty of his theme, until, in the ardor of his discourse, he *carried away the wrong house!* "The rains beat, the floods came, and the winds blew upon the house *that stood upon the rock*, and it fell, and great was the fall thereof;" a mere accidental transposition, of course, and doubtless not noticed by one in fifty of his congregation. "Uncle," said the narrator, as the two were walking home from church, "did you not make a mistake in your sermon today? Did you not, in one instance, reverse the meaning of the beautiful parable which formed its subject? I looked to see you reverse it." "You are right, my son; I *did* make a mistake; I am glad you were so attentive and watchful as to remark it. I carried away the wrong house, but I did *not* make a mistake in not stopping to correct it. Suppose I had done so? *Both* houses then would have been gone, and not one would have been left to illustrate the parable. Few saw the error, I think; and this leads me to say, my son, that when you find you have made a mistake, *let somebody else discover it!*" Now this is a maxim worthy of heed.—*Knickerbocker.*

THE STARS.—It is the opinion of astronomers, that there are stars so infinitely remote as to be situated at the distance of twelve millions of millions of miles from our earth; so that light, which travels with the velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute, would require two millions of years for its transit from those distant orbs to our own—while the astronomer who should record the aspect of mutations of such a star would be relating, not its history at the present day, but that which took place two millions of years gone by. The nearest, a *Centauri*, one of the brightest stars in the southern hemisphere, is at twenty-one billions of miles distance—that is, its light would require three years and a quarter to reach us. The second, 61 *Cygni*, is not nearer than sixty-three billions of miles off, and its light requires upwards of ten years to reach us.

SAGACITY OF THE SEA GULL.—An exchange says:—Why the word "gull" should be used to express stupidity I cannot at all comprehend, for the gulls are very knowing birds indeed, and difficult to be deceived. If a piece of bread or biscuit be thrown from a boat, it remains but a very short time on the surface of the water before it is carried off by a gull, although previously not a bird was visible. But if a number of gulls are flying about, and a piece of paper or white wood be thrown into the water, there is not a gull who will even stoop towards it, although to the human eye the bread and the paper appear identical.

PARIS ANECDOTE.

I find the following anecdote among the gossip of the French papers: Among the habitues of one of the humorous cafes of the Boulevard Du Temple may be seen any hour almost of the day an old gentleman whose dress, though indicating poverty, bears nevertheless the appearance of a poverty honestly and decently supported. He is exceedingly popular and much sought after; he relates agreeably and is considerable of a poet, some of his verses having obtained no little success under the Restoration. A few days since he made the following recital:—

"King Charles X. once presented me with a snuff-box ornamented by his portrait and enriched with diamonds. Subsequently finding myself embarrassed for money, I went to one of the most celebrated jewelers in the Palais Royal, and said to him—presenting the box—'Will you do me the favor to take out these diamonds, replace them with false ones and pay me the difference?' He readily acceded to my request. A short time after, the artist who had taken the portrait of the king, wrote to me praying the loan of my box, as he had occasion for the model, fifty copies having been commanded by his majesty. I forwarded it to him, and at the end of two or three months I went to his residence to reclaim it. But the painter, fortunately for me, as it subsequently proved, had confounded it with the fifty others for which it served as a copy, and great was my surprise when pressed pecuniarily again, I returned to the jeweler's to demand money upon it, to see him count out a very considerable sum.

"'What! this picture so valuable as this,' I remarked.

"'No!' was the reply, 'the value is in the diamonds.'

"'The diamonds! but they are false ones.'

"'Pardon, the diamonds are perfectly pure and beautiful.'

"I returned to the painter's, but the fifty snuff boxes were no longer in his possession. The king had distributed them among a number of persons whom he desired to honor by a mark of his kindness. So that among the happy ones who fancy a royal present, some one has my false diamonds. I am really sorry for him, but how repair the error!"—*Corres. of Boston Post.*

UNTIMELY REFUSAL OF RELIEF.—A baker in Paris, a very charitable man, who had always, upon principle, a sous, or a roll, to bestow upon the poor, became, at length, so beset and imposed on, that weary of the visitation of the pauper host, he solemnly vowed he would never more relieve one of them. How often are men made, like Jephthah, to repent of rash vows! And not long after taking this, a miserable-looking object presented himself at the baker's door, imploring a crust of bread for pity's sake—he was starving. "Starving, indeed!" cried the baker; "that's the old story; but I am not now to be so taken in. March, sirrah!—you'll get nothing here, I assure you!" The emaciated miserable object crawled away; the baker had the curiosity to watch him, and saw, alas! that his tale had been but too true; for many steps he had not proceeded from this benificent tradesman's now inhospitable door, ere he fell to the ground dead! So shocked was the good baker by this circumstance, that he opened his house to all beggars as before; and retracting his first vow, made another equally solemn, that none hereafter who applied to him for relief, should ever depart from his door without it.

EVILS OF GREAT CITIES.—In cities the soul of man grows proud. He needs at times to be sent forth, like the Assyrian monarch, into green fields, "a wondrous wretch and weedless," to eat green herbs, and be weakened and chastised by the rain shower and winter's bitter weather. Moreover, in cities there is danger of the soul's becoming wed to pleasure, and forgetful of its high vocation. There have been souls dedicated to Heaven from childhood and guarded by good angels as sweet seclusions for holy thoughts, and prayers, and all good purposes; wherein pious wishes dwelt like nuns, and every image was a saint; and yet in life's vicissitudes, by the treachery of occasion, by the thronging passions of great cities, have become soiled and sinful. They resemble those convents on the river Rhine which have been changed to taverns; from whose chambers the pious inmates have long departed, and in whose cloisters the footsteps of travellers have effaced the images of buried saints, and whose walls are written over with ribaldry and the names of strangers, and resound no more with holy hymns, but with revelry and loud voices.—*Longfellow's Hyperion.*

RARITY OF A TRUE GENTLEMAN.—Perhaps a gentleman is a rarer gentleman than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle; men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know now a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are what they call in the inner circles, and have shot into the very centre and bull's eye of fashion; but of gentlemen, how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper, and each make out his list.—*Thackeray.*

A PHILANTHROPIST.—Some few years ago Douglas Jerrold ordered a brougham. On going to his coachmaker's to look at it before it was sent home, he spoke highly of its beauty and finish, especially of the mirror-like glossiness of the varnish. "Ah!" said the wit, "it is unflecked by a speck now, but those back panels will soon have their share of scratches from the saucy urchins who indulge themselves in gratuitous rides behind." "Oh! sir," replied the coachbuilder, "a row of spikes will effectually curb their climbing tendencies." "*Spike* it not," retorted the humane wag, "better a thousand scratches on my carriage than one on the hand of a footstore lad to whom a stolen lift might be a godsend."

A SHADOW.

BY MISS A. A. PROCTOR.

What lack the valleys and mountains
That once were green and gay?
What lack the babbling fountains?
Their voice is sad to-day.
Only the sound of a voice,
Tender and sweet and low,
That made the earth rejoice
A year ago!

What lack the tender flowers?
A shadow is on the sun:
What lack the merry hours,
That I long that they were done?
Only two smiling eyes,
That told of joy and mirth;
They are shining in the skies,
I mourn on earth!

What lacks my heart, that makes it
So weary and full of pain,
That trembling Hope forsakes it,
Never to come again?
Only another heart,
Tender and all mine own,
In the still grave it lies,
I weep alone!

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MOWING.

All shimmering in the morning shine,
And diamonded with dew,
And quivering with the scented wind
That thrills its green heart through—
The little field, the smiling field
With all its flowers a-blowing,
How happy looks the golden field
The day before the mowing!

And still 'neath the departing light,
Twilight—though void of stars,
Save where, low westering, Venus sinks
From the red eye of Mars;
How peaceful sleeps the silent field,
With all its beauties glowing,
Half stirring—like a child in dreams—
The night before the mowing.

Sharp steel, inevitable hand
Cut keen—cut kind! Our field
We know full well must be laid low
Before its fragrance yield.
Plenty, and mirth, and honest gain
Its blameless death bestowing—
And yet we weep, and yet we weep,
The night before the mowing!

A WOMAN'S LOVE,

AND A WIFE'S DUTY.

BY MRS. A. OPIE.

Here begins, my dear friend, the history of Seymour and Helen Pendarves. Forgive me, if I introduce my narrative with a very vulgar, but a most excellent proverb—which is, that "Little pitchers have wide ears;" or, that children hear many things which they ought not to hear, and which they were certainly not intended to hear. Now, to illustrate the truth of this proverb, and this explanation of it.

It certainly could not be the intention of two such sensible women that I should know I was designed for the wife of Seymour Pendarves; and yet they talked of their plans so openly before me, that I was perfectly mistress of their designs; and that precocity of mind which they had often remarked in me was increased so much by this consciousness, that while they fancied I was thinking on my doll or my baby-house, I was in reality meditating on my destined husband, till my heart was prepared to receive the passion of love at an age when it would have been better for me to have been ignorant of its existence. And this passion I was authorized to feel, and for a most engaging object! I leave you to judge how pleasant I and this permission—how much, young as I was, the idea of Seymour Pendarves now mixed itself with everything I thought, and did, and said. Small was the chance, therefore, that even my highly honored mother could ever succeed in changing the bent of those inclinations which she had herself given in the pliant hours of childhood and earliest youth.

It was some time before Lady Helen recovered her spirits, after the departure of her son. I also gave myself the air of being very dejected; but as with me it was the season of "the tear forgot as soon as shed," and of the preponderating influence of animal spirits, I bounded over the lawn as usual, after the first three days were gone by, and at length won Lady Helen from her reveries and her gloom: but I had the satisfaction of hearing the mothers say to each other,

"What sensibility! She really seemed to forget his absence with a sentimental dejection unusual at those years."

This idea, so flattering to my self-love, I took care to keep alive, by frequently inquiring how long it was to the Christmas vacation; and when that long-expected time arrived, and I found it settled that Lady Helen should meet her son at Lord Seymour's in London, and spend the holidays with him there, I gave way to the most violent lamentations, declaring that she should not go without me. Nor in this instance did I at all exaggerate my feelings of disappointment; for Seymour's absence made a sad void in my amusements, and I had looked forward to his return with the sincerest satisfaction. But my entreaties and my expostulations were equally vain.

Seymour, however, wrote to me twice at least from London. These letters I treasured up with the fondest care, and read them once every day; though I could not but think there was not quite love enough in them, and that I was too big to be called little Helen, and to be told by my correspondent that he blew me a kiss. I remember, also, that when I showed my mother my answers, which were those of a little old woman, and not of an artless girl, she used to say,

"I wonder where the child got those ideas?"

When the holidays were over, Lady Helen returned, and brought me a beautiful writing-box, as a present from her son, with a guitar, as a present from herself. We immediately began our practice upon this instrument; and I made a rapid progress, from the hope of being able to charm Seymour when we next met.

But again Lady Helen went to meet her son in London; and it was not till two years after his first departure, that he revisited the North. Never shall I forget the flutter which I felt at the idea of his return; but I am very sure that I was more taken up, in spite of my sentimentality, with thinking what effect I was likely to have on him at our meeting, than with the idea of the pleasure which I should have in seeing him. Two years had made a great improvement in my person; but I was not tall for my age, and I was so thin, that I looked much younger than I really was. My glass, however, and the injudicious praises of flattering visitors, had told me I was handsome; and I really believe I expected to take Seymour's heart—of the actual possession of which I had some doubts—by a *coup de main*; for I had both heard and read of "love at first sight." Never before had I been so difficult to please in the shape of my frocks, which I in vain tried to persuade my wiser mother to alter into *gowns*—as vainly did I try to persuade her to let me have my hair dressed, and wear earrings: she coolly told me simplicity was the beauty of a *child's dress*; and I, swallowing as I could that mortifying appellation, was obliged to let my auburn ringlets fall in natural glossy curls into my neck, unfrizzed and untormented. But unable to keep my vexation to myself, to the great amusement of my mother, I said, rather petulantly, as I was leaving the room one day,

"Well, I must do as you please, mamma; but I am sure Mr. Seymour Pendarves, who is used to London young ladies, will think me a great fright."

"Mr. who, my dear?—whose opinion is of so much consequence to you?"

"Seymour Pendarves," replied I, blushing, and leaving out the *Mr.*

"Oh! Master Pendarves! Really, my dear, I can't think it matters much, what such a mere boy as that thinks; and it is enough for you that you are a good child, and obey your mamma."

At length Seymour arrived, and the delighted Lady Helen brought her idol to our house; while I gazed with wonder as well as pleasure and embarrassment, on the change which two years had made in my youthful companion. He, though only seventeen, had assumed the dress of manhood; his throat was tied up with a large cravat—his hair was powdered, and worn in a club behind, according to the then fashion—his hat was set on one side, and he was dressed in a grass-green coat. Nothing so smart had ever met my sight before; and what with his fine teeth, his dimpled cheek, and his sparkling eyes, I thought I had never even *read* of any one so beautiful; and this lovely youth was intended to be my husband. But had he himself any such intentions? That I could not say; and I was both mortified and displeased at the way in which he first addressed me, even though I drew up my long neck as high as possible, to look as tall and womanly as I could. He flew up to me, calling me—

"Dear *little* Helen! how are you? I am so glad to see you again!"

And then, in spite of my dignity, he clasped me round the neck, gave me a kiss which might have been heard in the next room, and left the mark of his metal sleeve-buttons on my throat. My mother saw my confusion, and, as she did not approve such familiar and boisterous ways, coolly said, "My daughter is not used to such rough salutations, my dear Seymour; and I did not expect such a remnant of the great romping boy from you."

Alas! all remnant of youthful unrestraint and of the boy now vanished; natural feeling, which the sight of his early companion and playfellow had called forth, disappeared, and the manners of the young men of the world *then* and *forever* replaced them. But what provoked me was, though he seemed to consider himself a *man*, he never even for a moment treated me as a *woman*. I was his "little Helen," and his "chicken," and his "tiny pet;" and then, dreadful degradation! he used to chuck me under the chin; nay, once he asked me, pulling up his neck-cloth, and looking in the glass, whether the neighborhood was improved, and whether there were any *fine women* in it, who visited our mothers.

I had a mind to answer, "What does it signify to you whether there are or not?" but as I dared not so reply, it was a relief to me when my mother came in, and put a stop to his inquiries.

But never, indeed, have I since felt more jealousy than I experienced during Seymour's residence at home, in various ways. Soon after his return, I went with one of my cousins from Pendarves Castle, then on a visit to us, to a public walk in a neighboring town, which was then much frequented, and Seymour accompanied us; I, conscious that my straw hat and purple ribbons became me, and that my young friend, who was remarkably plain, served only as a foil to my charms.

"Now, then," thought I, "his hour is come." While glorying in this imagined security, I was hurled down into the depths of despair; for we scarcely reached the Mall, when we met some fine showy-looking women, whom I thought *old*, as they seemed past five-and-twenty. Seymour, to my great consternation, inquired who these *lovely creatures* were, declaring they were the handsomest women he had seen since he had left London.

"My cousin can introduce you," said Harriet Pendarves.

"I! not I, indeed!"

"Why not, dear Helen!" cried Seymour.

"Because—because I have only lately known them."

"Oh! that is quite enough," he hastily returned; but I still refused.

However, the ladies returned, accompanied by a young man of Seymour's acquaintance; and in a few minutes we beheld him laughing and talking with the party. My feelings at that moment still live in my memory as vividly as ever. I was thunder-struck. "What! Seymour Pendarves, the friend of my childhood, to leave me for women whom he never saw before; and call them handsomer than anything he had seen since he left London! It was in vain that two youths of my acquaintance—one of them a young lord—joined my deserted side; I was silent, absent, and unhappy; for Seymour remained with his new acquaintance.

It never occurred to me to talk and laugh with my beaux, for I was a stranger to coquetry, and the natural feelings of my heart were allowed to display themselves: still, an untaught delicacy made me try to hide the cause of my oddness from my companions; and a headache, which was not feigned, was my excuse.

The ladies, however, at length left the walk, and Seymour was forced to return to us. He immediately launched forth into rapturous praises of their charms and elegant manners, while I listened in angry silence, as I had expected him to apologise for leaving me; and nothing, I perceived, was further from his thoughts.

"But what is the matter?" cried he. "Are you not well, Helen, that you do not speak?"

"Not quite."

"Helen has a headache," said my cousin.

"Poor child!" cried Seymour, kindly; "then let us go home directly; it grows late, and I believe you do not sit up to supper yet, Helen, except on great occasions."

Here was an affront. I angrily replied, "Indeed, Mr. Seymour Pendarves, you seem to know very little about me, and to care very little about me now."

"*Mr.* and a tossed-up chin, and a flushed face! Why, really, Helen, I find I did *not* know much about you: I took you for a sweet-tempered girl; but I have often thought you captious and pettish of late, and I never could imagine why: but let me tell you, Miss Helen Pendarves, that if you lose your good-temper, you will lose your greatest charm—*any* woman's greatest *charm*."

This reproach I could not bear from him; for I knew, if I was become pettish and captious, affection for him was the cause; and I burst into tears. But struggling with my feelings, I sobbed out,

"And I suppose, sir, you think I *have* no *other* charm than my good-temper."

"*I*, Helen! No such thing; I think quite the contrary; and I do assure you, the ladies I have just left, they—"

"Oh yes!" cried I, "they, I suppose, have every charm possible."

"They have great charms, certainly, both of face and person; still, they are only *fine women*; but *you*, Helen, are quite a *little beauty*—only you are as yet but a *child*, you know."

Away went my ill-humors, and even my jealousy; for I was sure, though the boy of seventeen thought it more manly to talk to women grown, I knew as he advanced in life, and I too, he would be of a different opinion; and I also knew a few years would fade the ladies whom he so much admired, while the same number of years would leave me still young, and *still a beauty*. Yes, he thought me a beauty, and he had told me so; and I repeated his words to myself so often, that in a reverie I once spoke them aloud, and my mother asked,

"Child, what are you saying about Helen and beauty?"

"Helen was a great beauty, mamma—was she not?" said I, blushing at my own duplicity; but the subterfuge weighed heavily on my mind, nor could I rest till I told the whole truth to my mother, who, in consideration of my ingenuousness, merely observed to me, that when from the exaggeration to which even boys were much given, Seymour called me a beauty, he only meant I was a pretty girl; but *I* thought *differently*.

Seymour now remained at home full six months, with a private tutor, as he was too old to go back to school, and Lady Helen thought him too young for Oxford. During that time, my mother, from (as I suspected) some private information, began to form an unfavorable opinion of his steadiness of conduct; and the anxieties of a mother for his future well-being clouded the still beautiful countenance of Lady Helen.

Once, as I was apparently engaged in reading, I overheard Lady Helen say to my mother, "Do you not discern any symptoms yet of a growing attachment on his side? he may be on his guard before me."

"None whatever: he seems to consider her still only as a beautiful child; and she is certainly not at all more womanly in her appearance this last year."

"I am sorry for it," was the answer; "for there is no guard so good for the morals of a young man, as a virtuous attachment."

"Yes," said my mother; "and I had hoped, that by being so much with Helen, he would have loved her, as it were, by anticipation."

I never could find out whether they *meant* me to hear this conversation or not; but the assurance which it conveyed, that Seymour did not love me yet, was not lost upon me; and it was possible that all this was said for that purpose. The consequence was, that I put the strictest guard over my words and manners, lest Seymour should discover the attachment which I had with much confidence indulged: and the attachment itself, I resolved to resist, with all the energy possible: for surely, thought I, if I am too young to inspire love, I ought to be too young to feel it; and I am too proud to love where I am not beloved. And I kept the former part of my resolution, for my attachment remained unsuspected; nor did its strength hold out entirely uninjured against the conviction of the utter indifference of its object. However, an affectionate grasp of my hand, and a respectful salute of my cheek, replaced the boisterous familiarity of his greeting, when we first met.

"Surely," said I to myself, "his feelings towards me have undergone a change;" and while hope was thus restored to my bosom, I felt that my former feelings would, on the slightest encouragement, return with undiminished force.

I have since learnt—though not till long after the period in question—that Lady Helen had thought proper to have a conversation with her son on the subject nearest her heart; namely, a marriage between him and me, in the course of a few years.

He listened to her, I found, with great surprise, but great complacency: only exclaiming, "But she is such a child as present, dear mother!"

"But she will not always be a child," replied Lady Helen; "and though I believe she is quite indifferent to you now, I am much mistaken if that 'child,' as you call her, did not at your first arrival feel something resembling love and jealousy too."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Seymour, "and I not to be conscious of it! *Dear* little Helen!" And then he recollected the scene in the walk, and my petulance, silence, and tears, for which he now accounted in a manner flattering to his vanity: and it was so new—*so piquant*, to be loved by a child, that he was charmed with the idea of the conquest. But then Lady Helen had told him he had lost his affection; and as none can bear to renounce the power which they have once possessed, he was resolved to pay me those attentions by the want of which I had been alienated. He was too conscious, however, to be able to act upon his resolves; and he had learnt to consider me in so new a light, that he felt embarrassed when he should have been assiduous; and though I saw a change in his manner during the last four days, it was far from being a favorable one. It was only on the last of the four days that he seemed to have shaken off the trammels which hung about him. That day, as I was drawing at the window, and he was reading aloud by his mother, I saw him lay down his book, and whisper in her ear.

"Helen," said she, "what do you think Seymour says? He says, that he has now found that you are no longer a child."

"Indeed!" replied I, blushing, but in a tone of pique; "and since when? That is a discovery which I have long made."

"And since when have you *yourself* made it, dear Helen?" said he, with that saucy smile of his which you have often said was irresistible.

"These four years, at least," I answered, trying to avoid his eyes.

"Do not fib, Helen," was his impertinent reply.

"You make Helen blush, my dear son."

"So much the better; she never looks so beautiful as when she blushes, and I dare say some little time hence, we shall have some English Priam exclaiming of this modern Helen—

"'No wonder, Britons, that such heavenly charms
For ten long years have set the world in arms!'

While *I* shall sit and sing—

"'Ah, Chloris! could I now but sit
As unconcerned as when
Thy infant beauty could beget
Nor happiness nor pain!'"

I was now so pleased, so confounded—yet so happy, that I knew not where to look or how to behave; but remembering that the "best part of valor is discretion," I fled from the danger I could not face, and had just presence of mind enough to run away.

"What is the matter with Helen?" cried Seymour, when I was gone. "Is she angry?"

"No," replied Lady Helen, more skilled in the nature of woman's feelings; "she is only conscious of being too well pleased—that's all;" and from that time—had not Seymour left us the next day—the chances are that we should soon have become lovers.

I, meanwhile, had gone into my own chamber, where I found my mother. I threw myself into her arms, without saying a word, and hid my blushes and my tears in her bosom. My mother, untold, knew those tears were not tears of sorrow, and soon drew from me a part of the truth; for I told her Seymour had been so full of his compliments that I came away.

During the course of that day, Seymour was continually exclaiming, "How provoking it is, that I should be forced to go away just now?"

"Ah!" cried I, pertly enough, and insincerely too, "what will poor Miss Salter do?" This was the name of one of the ladies with whom he had fancied himself charmed.

"Miss Salter!

"'I think not of Miss Salter—
My fancy has no image now but—'"

Here my mother rather pettishly interrupted him.

"I think, for Miss Salter's sake, young man, it is well you are going, as you certainly took great pains to make her think you admired her; and I must say, I am no friend to coquetry, be it in man or woman."

"Nor I," said Lady Helen; "and I trust the next time my son makes love, he will do it with his whole heart, and not mistake the illusions of fancy for the dictates of attachment."

"I trust so too, my dear mother," he replied, "and that the object will be one whom you approve."

The next morning he set off, and everything at first seemed a blank to me. He wrote frequently during the first weeks of his residence at Oxford, but my mother discouraged my answering his letters, and he soon grew remiss in his correspondence even with Lady Helen, who found that his allowance, though handsome, was insufficient for his wants, and suspected that the life must be dissipated which required such an exorbitant expenditure. My mother knew that it was so; why she imparted what she heard to her friend, I cannot tell, because it made Lady Helen unhappy, and she wrote to her son in the language of expostulation. I was vexed to find that my mother gave such implicit credence to the stories of Seymour's errors, as the accounts might be exaggerated; and when I had once admitted that he was the victim of misrepresentation, pity for Seymour added force to my attachment.

It seemed a very long time to me till the next vacation came; but Seymour passed it in London, at his grandfather's; my mother was glad, but I was disappointed. Nor did he come down into the country till half of the long vacation was expired; and after he had spent a week with Lady Helen, my mother took me to pay a visit to a relation of hers. In vain Lady Helen remonstrated, and Seymour entreated; she replied she had put off her journey in the expectation of seeing him in June, and she could no longer delay her visit. He sighed, looked conscious and confused, and forbore to urge her again.

My mother was certainly right in thus resolving; for she knew, though I did not, that Lady Helen had communicated to him her views and wishes with regard to me; and she left home with a firmness and decision of manner which promised ill for the success of her hopes.

When we came back, Seymour was returned to Oxford. The following Christmas, Lady Helen, whose health seemed evidently declining, went to London for the advice of physicians, and Seymour attended her home; but he only stayed a week, as he was under an engagement, he said, to accompany some friends abroad. He departed, however, with evident dejection and reluctance, and seemed while with us to enjoy the quiet of our domestic scenes; but as his actions were not regulated by a steady principle of *right*, and under the restraint of moral and religious obligation, no sooner was he removed from our purifying influence, than he became again the follower of pleasure, while as he was driven backward and forward upon the ocean of the world, my image, which his poor mother thought would save him from temptation, appeared to him only as a beacon at a distance to remind him of that shore of safety which the waves forbade him, however much he wished it, to approach. During the next term, and in spite of his dissipation, Seymour obtained a prize for writing the best prose essay: and he sent it to his mother just after some very unfavorable accounts of the society which he frequented in London, had reached her, and had been only too strongly confirmed by my mother's secret informant. These reports had not been communicated to me, but I happened to be present when Lady Helen received two copies of the essay, accompanied by a letter, in which he begged that his dearest friend Helen, would not only accept, but do him the favor to criticise the little production which he had sent, as he knew no one whose praise he should so highly value, or to whose censures he should pay greater attention. Methinks I still see the delight yet gleaming mournfully through tears, which beamed from Lady Helen's countenance when she received the essay and read the letter. Alas! that renewed and increased brightness was but too like the flame of an expiring taper.

"My dear Julia!" cried she to my mother, in a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, "what a foolish thing is a fond mother's heart! Now it is all fear, and now all hope; now it is broken, and now healed again. This boy, this dear, naughty good boy! it was but yesterday I cried for his weakness, and now I cry for his strength."

"No one, I believe, ever doubted your son's talents," said my mother coldly, and I thought crossly.

"True," replied Lady Helen meekly; "and this prize, I own, is not proof of amended conduct."

"I know not," cried I eagerly, "what fault poor Seymour has committed; but of this I am sure, that if he was so very idle as ill-natured people say he is, he could not have found time to write for a prize, and still less have been able to gain it."

"Thank you, my dearest girl, for being my poor boy's advocate; for what you say is very just: and Seymour shall know how kindly you took his part."

"I must beg he may not know," said my mother angrily.

"Indeed!" answered Lady Helen, mournfully. "But I cannot now blame your change of feeling on this subject, for I myself should hesitate to give my daughter to a youth such as Seymour is said to be."

I now turned round, and looked at Lady Helen with so alarmed and inquiring a countenance, that she could not withstand the appeal. She took my hand, and said—

"Yes, Helen, your mother and I had pledged our words to each other, to do all in our power to promote a union between my son and you, and to cherish every symptom in you of a mutual attachment: but now, owing to some too well-founded reports, I fear, of his faulty conduct, she wishes to retract her promise; and here, as one of my last acts and deeds, (for I feel that I shall not be with you long,) I solemnly give her back that promise in your presence! declaring to you, my beloved child, that unless your mother thinks Seymour deserving of you, I cannot wish you to be his wife; and that it will be my parting injunction to you, Helen, never to marry an immoral man."

Lady Helen had scarcely said this, while I listened with downcast eyes, when my mother threw herself into her arms, sobbing out convulsively, "My own dear generous friend! for your sake I will try to think well of your son, and to believe he will reform—only don't talk of dying; I can't bear *that!*"

"But I wish to prepare you for it."

"Prepare, Helen! prepare. Do you think anything can make me endure the idea of losing you? Oh! it will be losing all I ever loved a second time!"

Lady Helen shook her head, but did not speak; for she knew that her friend must soon undergo this dreaded trial—and *she*, too, felt that for *some* blows there is no such thing as *preparation*.

The night that followed was the first of real agonizing sorrow which I had ever known. I had heard that Seymour was believed, even by his own mother, to be unworthy of me, and that mine was decidedly averse to that union which she had originally made the first desire of my heart; I had also heard from Lady Helen's own lips a solemn assurance that she was dying.

At my time of life, however, the spirits are never long depressed, especially by an uncertain and remote sorrow; but as a captive butterfly, when the pressure on its wings is removed, flutters them again in air, with all their glittering dyes and buoyancy uninjured, so do the spirits of youth quickly resume their brilliancy and their elasticity.

When I rose the next morning, I was *sure* that Lady Helen would *recover*; I was sure that Seymour would *reform*, even if the reports concerning him were not exaggerated: and I was also sure that some time or other I should be his *wife*.

But, alas! Lady Helen had not spoken from momentary dejection, and still less from the ungenerous wish to excite interest and alarm in the hearts that tenderly loved her: she spoke from her deep conviction—a conviction only too well founded.

In less than two months, she was attacked by fever and inflammation of the brain, such as had before seized her on the death of her husband. She had, however, lucid intervals; and though my mother and myself felt our hearts wrung by her delirious ravings—during which she called upon her son's name in the most affecting language—still we suffered more, when, on recovering her senses, she asked for this darling son, and we were obliged to reply that he was not yet arrived.

And where—oh! where was he, at a moment like that! We knew not.

As soon as Lady Helen's attack was judged to be a dangerous one, my mother wrote to him at Oxford, desiring him to set off immediately, or he might come too late; and as Oxford was only a ten hours' journey from home, he might have been with us the next morning, had he been at college. It was also term time; but yet he came *not*, though on such an occasion, leave of absence was easily to be obtained. My mother was too angry to be as wretched as I was at this distressing circumstance—for indignation often swallows up every other feeling, and once she hinted to me that he must have received the letter, and that mere idle neglect kept him away; but the poor invalid, who, unsuspected by us, overheard our conversation, exclaimed,

"No, Julia; whatever are his other faults, my poor boy loves me—tenderly loves me; and even from a sick-bed he would hasten to his dying mother. Oh, no! he has never received your letter—he is not in college."

"Then where is he? In college he ought to be."

"True, Julia; but he is young and thoughtless, and we ought to remember that we were so *once ourselves*. We ought not to have run away from our parents—yet we *did* so, Julia."

"We did, indeed," cried my mother, abashed and silenced.

"Yes," continued Lady Helen, "and therefore I have always endeavored to be mild in my judgment of other people—especially of the young."

"Helen," cried my mother, "forgive me, thou blessed spirit! I will be merciful to him, even though it makes me unjust to—"

"No, your first duty is to your daughter: but listen to me, Julia! Be *sure* to convince Seymour, when I am no more, that I did not impute his absence to want of love, but merely to *accident*. Be *sure* you do; for he will feel only too much, when he comes and finds that he has no longer a mother!"

The afflicting image thus presented to my mind, of what would be Seymour's misery if he indeed arrived too late, was more than I could bear, and I was forced to leave the room. Soon afterwards, Lady Helen's senses wandered again; but when I returned, she was sensible, though exhausted; and as I entered, she hastily put back the curtain, and said—

"Oh! I hoped it was my dear, dear boy!" Her breath now grew fainter, and she exclaimed, "Oh! where, where is he? must I die without seeing him once more, and giving him my blessing? Helen! Julia! be sure to speak very kindly to him, and tell him that I blessed him! But thy will, O Lord! be done!"

Still, as long as consciousness remained, her eyes were anxiously turned towards the door, as if looking for that beloved object whom she was never more to see, we thought, in this world. At that moment, however, my watchful ear heard a quick step on the stairs, and an exclamation of agony, not mistaken by me.

"*He* is *here!* I am *sure* he is here!" cried I, bending over her pillow; and in another moment Seymour was on his knees at the bedside. Never shall I forget his look of speechless woe, when he found her last agony approaching; but it seemed as if *affection* struggled successfully with death for a few short moments. She could not speak, but her eyes were eloquent; and as she laid her hand upon the head of her child, those eyes were raised to heaven in earnest supplication: they then turned on him, while she reclined her head on my mother's bosom, and her right hand was clasped in mine. I cannot go on: the scene is still too present to my view.

* * * * * * *

Deep as was my affliction, it sunk into nothingness, compared with that of the bereaved and self-reproving son. It was really a *relief* to me to see his sense of anguish suspended by his insensibility.

When he recovered, there was something so full of woe, and yet of a woe so stern, in the look with which my mother ordered me away, that I had not the heart to resist it. It was near an hour before she came to me; and never before had I seen her so overpowered with affliction. She called upon Lady Helen by the tenderest names; talked of her patient gentleness—of the sweetness of that temper which she had so often tried—and reproached herself for having thus tried it. But she spoke not of Seymour; and deep as my regret was for the dead, it was equalled by my anxiety for the living. I therefore ventured to say, "But how is poor Seymour?"

"Unfeeling girl!" cried my mother; "you can think only of him when his angel mother lies dead!"

"*She* would have *thanked* me for my anxiety," I replied, rendered courageous by distress. "I shall go and inquire after him."

"Hold, Helen! he is extremely wretched; so much so, that I could not bear to listen to his self-upbraidings, nor to witness his caresses of that hand which replied no longer to his grasp; and then his wild entreaties, that she would speak to him once more, and say that she forgave him!"

"And could you have the cruelty to leave him alone in such a state?" cried I. "Do you think his mother would so have left *your* child?"

My mother started—"You are right!" said she: "I will return, and do my duty by him."

"Oh! let me go with you!"

"No, Helen; I must do my duty by you too—and the poor youth at this moment is only too dangerous."

She was right, and I submitted; but I had gained my point, and she was gone back to the poor afflicted one. Before she went, however, she insisted on my going to bed; where, wearied with three nights of watching, I fell into a heavy slumber. But, oh! that wretchedness on waking, which attends the recollection of a recent affliction! and I was giving way to all the misery I felt, when, soon after

eight in the morning, my mother came into my room.

She told me she had not been in bed all night, for she dared not leave Seymour.

"How kind it was in you, my dearest mother!"

"No, it was only right," she answered, in great agitation: "he was a bitter and penitent sufferer; and if my departed friend is conscious of what is passing here, I trust that she was satisfied with me, for I tried to do a mother's part by him. And now, my dear child, we must both return home: this, you know, is no place for you, Helen."

"And must I go without taking leave of poor Seymour?"

"What leave is there to take?"

I had nothing to reply, and we came away.

As my mother knew that Seymour's sleep was likely to be long, she did not return to the house of death for some hours; but when she did, I earnestly conjured her to let me accompany her. I pleaded, however, and wept in vain: in vain did I urge, that Seymour would think me unkind in forsaking him wholly at such a time as this was.

My mother said she feared that Seymour would only be too ready to attribute his not seeing me to her commands, rather than my own inclinations; and, disappointed and wretched, I threw myself on the bed in an agony of grief, and never rose from it, feeding my distress by every means in my power. I must own, however, that temper and contrivance had some share in this self-abandonment, or sensibility, which I thought would at once punish my mother for her obstinacy, (as I called it,) and induce her to give up her resolution. How often is grief, like love, made up of materials which we dream not of—and how often has temper much to do with it! But my seeming unmixed sorrow had no effect on my excellent parent, whose decisions, where I was concerned, were the result of firm principle. Her first observation was—

"This excessive misery, Helen, accompanied, as I see it is, with a degree of sullenness, is not likely to make me change my purpose, but rather to confirm me in it the more; because it proves to me the great extent of the danger to which my compliance would expose you, when you can thus, in spirit at least, be rebellious: and this at a time, too, when I want every comfort possible."

These words subdued every particle of resentment in me: I threw myself on her neck, and assured her she should never have so to approach me again: nor did I even venture to inquire for Seymour—but she was generous enough to speak of him unasked. She told me he woke, after a long sleep, more composed than she expected; "though, on his first waking, he startled me excessively," she said, "by asking for his mother, and wondering to see me instead of her. My tears seemed to force back his recollection; and in a faint voice, and with a look of wretchedness, he added, 'Ah! I remember now!' and hiding his face in the pillow, he wept aloud.

"And I—I was but a sad consoler, for I wept in silence by him. When he was calm again, I wished him to rise; and before I left him, in the fulness and tenderness of my heart, poor child! I stooped down, and kissed his burning forehead. But I soon repented; for he exclaimed, "Oh! that was so like *her!* But she never—no, never more—" and again he lay almost convulsed with his feelings.

"When this fresh paroxysm was over, I left him."

"But I am sure," said I, "that he will be soothed by that kind kiss in remembrance, though it affected him painfully at the time."

"Perhaps so: but his grief, violent though it be, will soon go off, and be after a time forgotten. Lady Helen was his mother, and he loved her; but she had not been the chosen playfellow of his childhood—the friend of his youth—the companion of his riper years—the sharer of every joy—the soother of every sorrow—and the being endeared to him by daily and confidential intercourse: and yet all these was she to *me*, Helen."

"But, dearest mother, the love and regrets of a child are very strong."

"I own it, Helen, especially when, as in the case of this miserable boy, self-reproach mingles with them, and deepens every pang. Helen, my child—my only treasure now," she added, speaking with difficulty, "never, never, when I shall be as she is now, may you have cause to shed such tears as his, Helen! Remember, there are no upbraidings so terrible as those of one's own heart; and for your own sake, if not for mine, be dutiful."

I was too much affected to reply; and my mother continued—"Yes, *he* will recover his loss—you will recover *yours*, Helen. But what can ever replace to me the loss of the friend of my whole life—the sole relic of the joys that are past? George—Charles—Helen! you are all gone now! and I," (here she raised her arms with a sort of appealing look to heaven,) "I stand alone, unsupported, and unsupporting, too, like the sole remaining pillar of a once-noble temple, to speak of former pride and present desolation."

As my mother's imagination had now entered into play, my fears for her health in a great degree vanished; for I knew that the grief which can vent itself in imagery, however gloomy, is not of that sort which preys rapidly on life; for it is

———"The grief that doth not speak,
Falls on the burthened heart, and bids it break."

Taking advantage of a pause, during the first part of which my mother seemed engaged in fervent devotion, I now ventured to ask her if Seymour had inquired why he did not see me. She told me that he had, and that he had been told in reply there were sufficient reasons for our not meeting: among the foremost of which, was the certainty that we should make each other *worse*, and with this reason he had seemed satisfied. She did not tell me, however, that he inquired for me every day; nor did she relate to me any of their conversation, except the one which took place the evening before the funeral; and *that* she felt it to be her duty to disclose.

"I have to inform you, my dear child," said she, "that when Seymour and I stood together to take our last look and last kiss before the coffin was closed, he suddenly seized my hand, and, wildly addressing the unconscious dead, conjured that pale cheek, and that closed eye, to appeal to my heart in his favor, and to remind me of the promised pledge to his mother to promote his union with you. This was the language of passion, and there was a strange effect in it, I thought—neither of which, you know, can affect me. I therefore replied, though not without emotion, that it was a subject which I could not discuss in that room. Accordingly, after he had taken many more last looks and leaves of the beloved dead, I led him from the chamber.

"When he was calmed a little, I had resolution to resume the conversation: and to own the truth, Helen, I was *glad* to discuss it, without the presence of that mournful object which, spite of myself, armed my feelings against my judgment."

Here my mother walked about the room in considerable agitation: but she soon recovered herself.

"I then related to him our conversation with Lady Helen."

"And did you tell him how I defended him?" cried I.

"No, certainly I did not," she coldly replied; "but I convinced him that his mother gave me back my promise, and that her last parting words to yourself should be, 'Helen, never marry an immoral man.' On hearing this, he exclaimed—

"'Did my mother say this? Did she think me an immoral man? Oh! insupportable agony! Well, madam,' added he, turning fiercely round, 'and so I suppose you have said the same to your daughter, and have engaged her to combat the regard she once felt for me: for I know she loved me once, or would have done so, for so the lips that never deceived assured me: but mark me, madam, I will not take a refusal from any lips but hers."

"'If you wish to alienate my affection entirely from you, Seymour,' I replied, 'you will make this appeal to Helen: for neither by letter nor personal application will I sanction it, till I am convinced your improved conduct makes you more worthy of my daughter.'

"'But you deny me the motive to improvement, by forbidding my addresses to her.'

"'Oh, Seymour!' answered I, 'if you have no *better* motive, such a change is not to be depended upon; nor would I entrust to you, under such a precarious alteration, the happiness of my child.'

"He looked distressed, but rather proudly replied—

"'Well, madam, we will talk further on this subject some other time. I cannot pursue it now.' And soon after I took my leave."

"And will you not allow him to have one interview with me, before he returns to Oxford?"

"No, I will not expose you to his dangerous eloquence: as he is not really in love with you, he would have more self-possession, and plead his cause so much the better."

"*Not* in love with me!"

"No; his attachment is now irritated by obstacles, and also stimulated by fancied duty; but could he, if he really felt a virtuous passion, maintain a disgraceful connexion in London, as I know him to do? Helen, my child! what ails you?" Here her voice sounded like thunder in my ears, and I fainted.

I had certainly been led to believe that Seymour led a life of general dissipation, and I had not allowed myself to attempt to define the exact nature of the charges against him; but when I heard him positively accused of an improper attachment to one individual object, a mixed feeling of jealousy, disgust, misery, and indignation came over me, with the sickness of death, and for the first time in my life I lost all consciousness. How long I remained insensible, I know not; but when I recovered, I found my mother weeping over me—not because she *had* feared for my life, but because she *did* fear for my peace of mind. She was consoled, however, when I assured her, that from that moment I should think it my duty to drive Seymour Pendarves from my mind, and that I had no longer any difficulty in submitting to her wishes. She kissed me, called me her dear, good girl, and we parted for the night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Men of the South.—Are the men of the South degenerating physically? is a question which is being determined by research, the inquisition having been commenced last fall.—The question was raised by the promulgation of a Northern theory, that the influences of life in the South had induced a special degeneracy in the physical conformation of our men. The system adopted has been to take the average weight and stature at various military academies and medical colleges, and the result is an entire refutation of the theory, and would be even more decidedly so had any plan been devised and acted upon for arriving at the average of the general population, for students, as a class, necessarily lack, from the manner of their lives, the weight and development which follows from active pursuit of the mechanic arts, agricultural occupations, &c. The average height of forty-two students of the University of Louisiana, as furnished by Dr. Nott, was 5 feet 10½ inches, and their average weight 145½ pounds. Of 108 students of the Tennessee University, 5 feet 10 inches, weight 150 pounds. Of 75 students of the Jefferson Medical College, 5 feet 9 inches, weight 145 pounds. Of 150 students Virginia Military Institute, 5 feet 9 inches, weight 141½ pounds. From the above it will be observed that the men of the Louisiana College were the tallest, those of Tennessee University the heaviest, and those of the Virginia University the lightest. We have no statistics of Northern men to compare with these, but we doubt if an exhibit from those regions would bear any favorable comparison with the foregoing.—*Mobile Register.*

Hog Cholera.—We learn from the Trenton (Tenn.) Journal that this disease has made its appearance in Gibson county, Tenn., and is gradually extending in an easterly direction. That paper says:

One citizen states that out of eighty head of hogs, sixty of his porkers have fallen victims to the disease. Others report less, and what is more gratifying, several informed us that they had acted upon the suggestion we made a few weeks since, with beneficial results. They report that in every case where they have used copperas in time, their hogs have been exempt from the disease.

It is almost useless to think of any remedy after your swine have been attacked with the disease, but an ounce of prevention (copperas) is worth all the cures that may be tried. We learn that one gentleman fed away all the bacon he had to save his pork, without success, when he might just as easily have saved his bacon and pork, too, with an ounce of copperas. Farmers, think of this, and see to your hogs in time. Once or twice feeding during the week will check the progress of the hog cholera. Try it.

NEWS ITEMS.

A Lion in the Path.—As the diligence which plies between Guelma and Bona, in Africa, was a few nights ago proceeding along the road, near the village of Penthievre, the horses all at once reared up and refused to advance, and the driver perceived a gigantic lion seated in the middle of the road. He at once informed the passengers, and they all manifested the greatest consternation; but at his suggestion they lighted chemical matches and burned paper. The light of the moon was, however, so strong that it paralyzed the glare of the flames, and they produced no effect on the lion. The consternation of the passengers was on the increase, when the animal relieved them by slowly walking away.

Gerrit Smith, the Temperance and Anti-Slavery candidate for Governor of New York, though a total abstinence man, comes out with a *quasi* endorsement of *Lager Beer* and *light wines*, in declaring that he "*does not hold the sale of all kinds of beer and wine* to be proscribed by government, but only the sale of such liquors as make madmen."

The attempt made by Queen Victoria to resist the invasion of the crinoline is an old story. We use the word crinoline as being the one now indiscriminately applied to all skirt expanders, though the material called by that name has been long superseded by steel and whalebone hoops. Her majesty appeared without one at her daughter's marriage. She was probably annoyed that so much of her territory should be covered by French invention. Since that day no hoops, no stiffeners of any kind swell the skirts of English belles. Sensible little Vic!

Horse Taming in Old Times.—A horse breaker, in "the good old times of Queen Bess," gives the following directions: "If your horse does not stand still, or hesitates, then al rate with a terrible voyce, and beat him yourself with a good stick upon the head between his ears, and then stick him in the spurring place iii or iiii times together, with one legge after another, as fast as your legges might walk; your legges must go like two bounsing beetles."

Vote on the Bank Laws.—The proclamation of the Governor gives the votes cast for the State bank of Iowa as 41,588—against 3,607. For the General Banking Law 30,419—against 10,447.—*Keokuk Journal.*

In Virginia, it is stated, a man sent to the penitentiary the third time is never allowed to quit the institution. A man named Blankenship, lately there, finds himself in this predicament.

Bayard Taylor spent a week in the early part of June with his wife's relatives in Gotha, having returned from his trip to Greece. He is now under way for a short summer trip to Russia.

Another Link in the Telegraph Chain.—It is stated that the company which was formed last year for the purpose of establishing telegraphic communication between the Island of Cuba and the American continent, have completed their preliminary arrangements, and are resolved to commence the work immediately.

British Columbia is the name proposed by the House of Lords for the new Colony on Fraser River, instead of New Caledonia, which is simply a repetition of Nova Scotia.

U. S. Senator for Texas.—The Tyler (Texas) Reporter of the 23rd ult., says that Gov. Runnels, of that State has appointed Col. Matt. Ward, of Cass county, as U. S. Senator, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the late Gen. Henderson.

Mortality Among Live Stock in Georgia.—A letter from Altoona, Georgia, says: "You will be somewhat astonished to hear of the mortality in stock in and about this place, and we are at a loss to know what it is. The disease commences on the tongue, and after a day or two they die. A remedy has lately been found, which, I am glad to say, has been effectual in curing the cattle. It is this: Take one pound of salts, half a pound of soot, one quart of water; boil it until it emits odor, and then set it in the sun for two hours, after which you can administer it every half-hour until the disease is eradicated."

Dan Rice's Trained Camel Killed.—Dan Rice's trained camel was killed on Friday week. The company was going from Brazil to Castle Green, Ind., and as the elephant and camel, which were chained together, were crossing a bridge, nine miles from the latter place, they broke through. The elephant caught a beam with his trunk, and found a footing for one of his legs, and so saved himself by main strength, climbing upon the firm part of the work; but the poor camel swung by his side, when he reached terra firma with a broken neck.

The jury in the Kirkpatrick poisoning case, in this city, returned a verdict acquitting Josiah G. Jones and Elizabeth Yardley, and convicting the principals, Robert B. and Sarah Kirkpatrick, his wife, on the twelfth and thirteenth counts of the indictment, assault with intent to kill (with poison) Edwin Kirkpatrick and Amanda, his wife. Robert and Edwin are brothers. The parties convicted are out on bail of $5,000, pending the motion for a new trial.

Tropical Fruits in Pennsylvania.—The Wrightsville (Pa.) Star says that the cultivation of figs has interested a good many citizens of York county. Mr. Henry Lehman has a tree on which the finest crop of this season has ripened, and the tree is now loaded with a pretty full second crop. Mr. Samuel Maxwells, in Lancaster county, has been trying other experiments. He has a fine growing almond tree, which last season produced a very fair crop of nuts, but this season has, like the peach tree, which it resembles, both in appearance and leaf, entirely failed to bring forth any fruit.

Divorces in the Western States.—It is estimated, says a writer in the Evangelist, that there are more than two thousand persons of both sexes now temporarily resident in Indiana, Iowa and other Western States, for the express purpose of obtaining divorces upon grounds which would not avail them in the States of their actual residence.

Wrenching off Limbs vs. Amputation.—Dr. Maisonneuvr's new system of avoidance of amputation in cases of injured limbs, has been presented to the Academie de Medicine, at Paris, and is said to have been tried at various hospitals with success. The invention consists in the application of a machine by which the limb is said to be torn from the socket without pain and without loss of blood, the patient in some cases being completely restored in the course of a few days.

Killed by a Sheep.—J. W. Shaw, of Winsboro', S. C., was killed on the 2d instant by a blow on the neck from a sheep.

Wasted Strength.—A few days ago, a tremendous excitement prevailed in St. Louis, Mo., from the finding of the bodies of two fine looking children, in a box. A Coroner was called, and a jury scraped together, when the children were found to be of wax.

The Camels Increasing.—A letter from New Braunfels, Texas, states that the Government camels are increasing in number, and that the young camels are thrifty.

Disease among Cattle.—Cattle are dying off at a fearful rate in Brooklyn and Parma, Ohio. A strange disease has broken out among them, and nobody knows what it is. About a dozen valuable cows have died in Brooklyn of this disease since the 1st. In Parma, the other day, a man was badly poisoned in skinning a cow that had died of this singular disorder. His right hand became so inflamed and swollen that it was feared he would have to suffer amputation.

Missions to Slaves.—The Methodist Episcopal Church South during the past year has expended $75,000 on missions to slaves.

The Lebanon (Tenn.) Whig says that John J. Crittenden, who is on a visit to that town, disavowed all aspirations for the Presidency, and said he would not accept a nomination if tendered to him.

Had Never Seen a Colored Person.—A lady twenty years of age, accompanied by a friend, arrived here in a vessel a few days since from Machias, Me. Singular as it may appear, this was the first time she had ever taken a "leave of absence" from home. She states that she never saw a colored person nor a railroad until her arrival in New Bedford.—*New Bedford Mercury, 6th.*

New Orleans, August 11.—The report from Santa Fe in relation to an expedition against Sonora, under command of Gen. Walker, is evidently a hoax. Gen. Walker is now in Alabama.

An Important Discovery.—Professor B. F. Greenough, of Boston, has discovered a new process by which burning fluid and camphene are made non-explosive, thereby saving the risk of accidents, which have become so frequent in our vicinity. The process by which this *desideratum* is attained consists in the complete saturation of the camphene or fluid with carbonic acid gas. This gas, it is well known, is unable to support combustion, (and, indeed, in considerable quantities, it is as effective an extinguisher of fire as water itself,) and when combined with burning fluid utterly destroys its explosive quality, without in the least impairing its illuminating property.

Appropriate Quotation.—The most happy citation from the Bible we have yet seen in reference to the telegraph, which is so soon to girdle the globe, appeared in the National Intelligencer:—"Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."—Psalms xix, 4.

De Riviere.—The Blount and De Riviere scandal has had *another* termination, as we learn, from the Savannah Daily News, of the 7th inst. The "Count" was to leave that day, for New York, to obtain a divorce from the wife whom he has abandoned, in order that he may become the legal husband of the lioness of Mobile. He reached New York about eleven o'clock on Tuesday night, on board the steamer Huntsville, from Savannah, the same vessel that took him away under the alias of David. He, immediately upon his arrival, departed for parts unknown, and did not remain long enough upon the vessel to allow the knights of the quill an opportunity to renew their acquaintance with him, and obtain an account of his latest and most interesting adventures. When he gets that divorce he will probably let the press know. It will be some time hence, we judge.

A force of twenty-five hundred men will be kept in Utah. One of the Peace Commissioners, in a letter, represents the affairs of the Territory as on a good foundation. Their arrival is daily expected.

It is among the on dits that Miss Isabella Cass, daughter of the General, is soon to [illegible] her hand to Mr. Van Limburg, the Minister of the Netherlands. Baron Gabers, Mr. Van Limburg's immediate predecessor, not long ago renewed an adjourned affair of the heart, after ten years' absence, and carried off Miss Wright, one of the prizes of New Jersey.

Beaton Davenport, of Altona, Va., has addressed a letter to Governor Wise, furnishing evidence that Andrew Jackson was born in Berkely county, in that State, and not in North Carolina, as the biographies have stated.

A Mr. Abel Matthews announces, in the London papers, that he will recite throughout from memory alone the twelve books of Milton's Paradise Lost, comprising 10,565 lines.

A St. Louis paper says that the grasshoppers have eaten up the entire crop of tobacco in Franklin county, and the last that was heard from them they were seated on the corner of the fence begging every man that passed for a chew.

The disease which is so destructive to the cattle of Georgia and Florida has made its appearance in South Carolina. Messrs. Crawford & Nelson, butchers in Columbia, South Carolina market, announce in a card that they consider it a duty to the public, as well as to themselves, to stop killing beeves for the present. They state that they have fine looking steers that most persons would regard as perfectly sound, but they know to the contrary, and will not butcher such. They state that the first symptoms of the cattle disease is a slight swelling of the lips.

Hog and Chicken Cholera.—The Petersburg (Ind.) Reporter says that in Pike county the cholera is prevailing with fatal effect. Many of the heavy and most extensive hog raisers will have to buy pork for their own use the coming fall. Some are losing from fifteen to twenty head a day. It is also stated that an epidemic similar to the hog cholera has attacked the chickens in some parts of that county. This disease seems to be spreading with more alarming rapidity in Southern Indiana and Illinois than anywhere else.

At Madison, Mass., a double suicide is recorded. Last Monday, a Mr. Monroe, aged fifty-three years, and his wife, some seventeen years older, both took a dose of laudanum in the evening, then made a charcoal fire in their room, and went to bed. Both were found dead in each other's arms next morning. No cause is assigned for this deliberate double suicide.

Yankee Girls.—The Taunton (Mass.) Gazette says there are four sisters in that town, weighing 935 lbs., the shortest being about six feet high, and weighing 256 lbs.

Crushed to Atoms.—Last Tuesday, a negro was caught by the large crank which drives the machinery of the steamer Glen Cove, and literally ground to atoms in a few minutes.

The Hatters Bank of Bethel recently was robbed. The whole capital of the Bank was $100,000. The rogues took $86,000 of it; $7,000 in specie and $1,300 in bills of other Banks, the balance in bills of the Bank.—*Hartford Times, Aug.* 10.

A Singularly Bad Memory.—A few days ago, a foreigner applied for a marriage license to the clerk of the Probate Court at Cincinnati, and when called upon to give the lady's name, had entirely forgotten it. Of course he was in a quandary, from which he relieved himself by going after the bride herself and producing her in *propria persona*, to let her answer for herself, which she did, and the twain were made happy.

Abundance of Weeds.—Prof. Buckman, an Englishman, who has interested himself in this matter, discovered, by careful examination, 7,600 weed seeds in a pint of cloverseed; in a pint of Congress seed 12,600; in broad clover 38,430, and two pints of Dutch cloverseed yielded severally 25,560 and 70,400 weed seeds.

Emancipation of a Son.—A Mississippi planter named Allen Motley entered the Probate Court at Cincinnati, a few days ago, accompanied by a young lad who he stated was his son and slave; and that his intention was to sever the latter relation by the execution of a deed of manumission. The deed was accordingly made out. Mr. M. stated the mother of the boy was one of his slaves, and that his intention is to give him the best education he can in Ohio, and afterwards to send him to Germany to finish his studies. He is fifteen years of age, with light brown hair and olive complexion.

The Telegraph.—Professor Morse, fifteen years ago, in a letter to the then Secretary of the Treasury, the Hon. John C. Spencer, gave utterance to a prophecy which has been fulfilled in the complete success of the Atlantic telegraph. He used the following words:

"The practical inference from this law is, that a telegraphic communication on the electro-magnetic plan may with certainty be established across the Atlantic ocean. Startling as this may now seem, I am confident the time will come when this project will be realized."

☞ A New England writer, speaking of the characteristics of different races of people, says that it has been found that negroes can be better trusted than white men not to betray secrets. We suppose this is upon the principle that they always "keep dark."

From Salt Lake—The Mormon Superstition, &c.—Advices from Salt Lake City to July 17th have been received. The army is still at Camp Floyd, in Cedar Valley, but it is expected will soon remove fifteen miles further west. A daily line of coaches between the camp and the city has been established. The volunteer battalion is to be sent to Leavenworth to be disbanded. Brigham Young keeps carefully secluded from the Gentiles, and a guard of armed Mormons surround his habitation. He has even given up preaching, because a Gentile short hand reporter stands ready to take down the treasonable sentiments he utters as a prophet, and will not permit him to revise the copy. The New York Times reporter has been favored with a revelation from Brother Sessions upon the religious bearings of polygamy. He says:

Brother S. said that we were all children of God, in the natural sense. God had a wife, who was our mother, although the Bible said very little about her. God Himself was the father of us all, and peopled this world with His own progeny. The spirit of every child born to-day was born of God and His wife long ago; and we of the present day are fathers and mothers only to the *bodies* of our children—the "tabernacles of clay" into which God puts the souls or spirits born of Himself as aforesaid. God is only a perfected man; and when we die and go to the spirit-world; we, too, in time shall be Gods, and have new worlds to people with our off-spring, to be born in that future state of existence, just as the Creator of Earth has peopled it with His. This being so, it becomes important that a man should get as many wives as possible on earth, so that when he gets into eternity and has a world to people, he may be in condition to do so quickly—for whatsoever is "sealed" to man upon earth shall be sealed to him in eternity; and "as one star differeth from another in glory, so shall it be in the resurrection." This, according to Mormon interpretation, simply means that whatever wives are sealed to a man on earth will be his wives in heaven, and that the glory of *his* "star" or "world" in that sphere will depend solely upon his facilities for raising children to occupy, populate and develope it. "*That* is our religion," said Mr. Sessions to me in conclusion; "do you get the idee?" "Certainly," I replied, "I think I do. Your faith and supposed obligations of duty in the matter of polygamy grow out of the *ambition* to excel each other in glory in the world to come—just as you are ambitious here to have the largest farms and most numerous herds and flocks. Your *Religion*, in short, is Ambition." To all of which Brother Sessions accorded a somewhat hesitating and doubtful assent, evidently a little suspicious that, after all, he had failed to convince me of the propriety and necessity of wedding half a dozen wives to my household, as a means of cultivating the Christian graces.

Polygamy is not confined to Mormons alone in Utah Territory. There is no law against it, and the doctrine of the Church and people is, that any man who can find the women, and any one to perform the ceremony of marriage, may have a dozen whether he be Saint or Gentile. But there's the rub, for the Church takes care that no Gentile shall be married by its priests at all—and, of course, the Gentile Federal authorities will not marry any one who is already known to have one living wife. One cannot forbear the suggestion here, how much more fortunate the Gentile is, (according to Mormon doctrine,) who loses three or four successive wives by death, and so gets a fifth, to enjoy them all in Heaven, than is his brother, whose *one* wife is inconsiderate enough to live so long as to cut short his measure of happiness in the world to come. In conclusion upon this topic, I have one general remark to make—to wit: That the system of Polygamy is notoriously destructive of everything like affection and tenderness between man and wife. In no single instance have I been able to discover the least trace of any such sentiment between the husband of several wives and the latter. Between all of them, so far as I have had opportunity to observe, there is a coldness and restraint heart chilling to the man accustomed to the endearments, the respectful consideration and the genial, confiding tone of voice, so much appreciated and so marked at the family fireside, under more natural and more favorable auspices.

Improved Sleeping Car.—Numerous attempts have been made to construct a perfectly convenient sleeping seat for the long reaches of American railroads. Most of them have been failures, but Mr. S. C. Case, superintendent of car work on the Michigan Central Railroad, has just succeeded in constructing a sleeping car of the most desirable description, and it is now being introduced on the road. By a very quick and easy method, the two seats occupied during the day are at once converted at night into soft cushioned beds for the use of three persons. A curtain then falls over the whole compartment, forming a family room, which, with the windows raised for the admission of air, is all that can be desired. The great advantage of this invention is, that it can be adapted to the common cars now in use upon the road, which was not the case with the Woodruff patent. Cars which require refitting are thus made available by entirely changing the internal arrangements, at a cost probably not exceeding that required in the common mode of fitting. Those who travel much by railroad will fully appreciate the efforts of this model road in thus placing within their reach all the comforts of life. Four of these cars will be placed upon the track in a short time. They will be furnished with a regular attendant, to provide for the wants of travellers. Water closets, wash rooms, &c., are also attached.

Swimming Match.—The Madison (Wisconsin) papers, of recent date, contain long statements of a swimming match which came off at that place for a silver goblet. There were five competitors for the prize, the one who remained in the water swimming the greatest length of time being the winner. The following is the result of the match:—

P. Bilz, 45 minutes.
E. Diedereck, 1 hour and 12 minutes.
C. Rees, 2 hours and 9 minutes.
R. Livsey, 4 hours and 24 minutes.
F. B. Hutching, }
L. Holtz, } 5 hours and 37 minutes.
N. Frederickson, }

The last three, at the urgent solicitations of their friends, agreed to come out and draw lots for the cup, as none of them manifested any inclination to give up, and it was evident that their determination to win would lead each to exert himself to an injurious extent. They consequently all agreed to come out together, after being in the water five hours and thirty-seven minutes, swimming constantly, without the privilege of floating or swimming upon their backs. The prize fell to F. B. Hutchings.

☞ The world's history is nothing but God's commentary upon the text, "He that sows the wind shall reap the whirlwind."—*John Weiss.*

☞ There exists among women a secret tie, like that among the priests of the same faith. They hate each other, yet protect each other's interests.—*Diderot.*

☞ Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his breeches' pockets and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck to meet his difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, working to make it come out right.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Aug. 14.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour firm; 9500 bbls sold. Wheat buoyant; 30,000 bushels sold; Milwaukie Club Wheat, unsound, 95@100c. Corn firm; 15,000 bushels sold; mixed 71@84½c; white 85@88c. Pork heavy; mess $17,40. Lard steady at 11¼@11½c.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour, during the past week, have somewhat increased, and notwithstanding the unfavorable advices from Europe, prices of the better brands of old stock have improved fully 12½c ₱ barrel. There has been but little export demand, and only 1800 barrels have been disposed of at $4,37½ to $4,75 for old stock; $4,87½@5,25 for fresh ground—the latter from new Wheat; and $5@5,50 for Extra, including some sour at $4,12½, and Middlings at $3 ₱ barrel. The sales to the home trade have mostly ranged from $4,37½ ₱ barrel for old stock up to $6 for fancy lots, according to quality. Rye Flour is very scarce, and has been sold to a limited extent at $3,50 ₱ barrel. Corn Meal has advanced 25c ₱ barrel. Sales of 100 barrels Pennsylvania at $4. No sales of Brandywine have been reported.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat during the past week have somewhat increased, but the demand has been good and holders are firm at the late advance. Sales of 18,000 bushels old and new Pennsylvania and Southern, ranging from $1 for ordinary up to $1,25 for prime Red, and $1,10@1,43 for White, according to quality. Rye has advanced. Sales of 3000 bushels at 75@80c for old, closing at the latter rate, and 65@70c for new. Corn was in active demand early in the week at $1, but supplies have since come forward freely, and the demand having fallen off prices declined 8c ₱ bushel. Sales of 14,500 bushels at $1, early in the week, and since at 95c; 93@92c, afloat, and 88@90c in store—closing at the latter rates. Oats have been in moderate request, without change in prices. Sales of 12,000 bushels at 42c for old, and 38½@40c for new. New Barley has been coming forward more freely and commands 60@65c.

PROVISIONS—Prices have been very firm for all descriptions, as the stocks are small and gradually becoming still further reduced, while the receipts from the West have nearly ceased. Sales of 200 barrels Mess Pork at $18, on time. In Prime no sales have been reported. City packed Mess Beef continues to sell for ship's stores at $16@16,50 ₱ bbl, cash. Bacon—There has been a steady demand, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 300 casks Hams at 11@13c for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides at 9¼@9½c, and Shoulders at 7¼@7½c ₱ lb, on short time. Of Green Salted Meats, the stock is nearly exhausted, and prices are firm at the improvement noted last week. Sales of Hams at 9c, and Shoulders at 6½@7c. Lard continues to come forward very slowly, and there is but little stock here. Sales of barrels at 11¼@12c—now held at 12c—and kegs at 13c ₱ lb, 60 days. Butter has been in rather better request, with sales of 20,000 lbs. Solid Packed at 10½@12½c ₱ lb, in barrels and kegs.

COTTON—The market has been rather weak, and to effect sales holders have been compelled to submit to a concession of ¼c. Sales of 610 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 11¼@13¼c ₱ lb, cash—the latter rate for middling fair quality.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron Bark has fallen off, but the receipts are trifling. Sales of 30 hhds No. 1 at $33 ₱ ton, now held higher. Tanners' Bark sells slowly at $12@12,50 ₱ cord for Spanish, and $10,75@11 for Chestnut.

BEESWAX is scarce. Small sales at 25c, cash.

COAL—The receipts and stocks are light for the season, but the demand both for shipment and home use continues moderate, and prices about the same as previously noticed.

COPPER meets a limited inquiry. Small sales of English Sheathing at 28c, and Yellow Metal at 22c ₱ lb, 6 mos.

FEATHERS are unchanged, but the sales have been only in small lots at 45@47c for fair and good Western.

FRUIT—Green Apples are selling freely at $1,50@3,50 ₱ bbl. Peaches are more abundant. Dried Apples are scarce and worth 6½@7c, which is an advance.

HEMP is held firmly, as the stock in first hands is extremely light. No sales.

HIDES are unchanged. The stock in first hands is very light.

HOPS are very dull, and sell slowly at 6@8c for new Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is more activity in the Pig Iron market, but we have no change to notice in prices. Sales of 1500 tons No 1 Anthracite at $21@23, cash and 6 mos, and No 2 at $20, cash. A sale of 5000 tons No 2 was made on terms not made public. No further sales of Charcoal Iron or Scotch Pig. Prices of Blooms, Bar and Boiler Iron continue as last quoted.

LEAD—There is very little stock of Pig Lead here, but the demand for it has been limited, and no sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER—For the prime qualities of Leather the demand continues fair, and prices are well maintained, but for other descriptions of Spanish Sole and Slaughter there is very little inquiry, and prices are weak.

LUMBER has been dull. A sale of Spruce Joist was made at $12,20 ₱ M feet. A cargo of Calais Laths, to arrive, sold at $1,25, on time. Pickets are but little inquired after. Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards are very dull and rule low. A lot of Delaware sold at $14 ₱ M feet.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Cloverseed, but there is very little coming forward. Sales of 300 bush at $5,25@5,37½ ₱ 64 lbs. New Timothy comes forward slowly and sells at $2,12½@2,25. No further sales of Flaxseed; it is worth $1,65@1,67½.

TOBACCO—There is a limited home consumptive demand for Leaf and Manufactured, but otherwise there is very little doing.

WOOL—There is a good inquiry for the supply of the manufacturers, and prices are well maintained. The receipts from the West thus far have been quite moderate. Sales of 320,000 lbs range from 33 up to 47½c ₱ lb, cash, for common and fine.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62		—
" " '67		—
" " '68		—
" 5 " coupon '73		104
Phila 6 pr ct	97½	97¾
" " new	101½	102
" 5 "	—	98
Pitts 6 pr ct	—	—
" 6 coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
R R issue	50	56
" County 6 pr ct		
Penn R R issue	81	—
Penn 6 pr ct	93	—
" 5 " coupon	90½	91½
" 5 "	85½	90
Tenn 6 pr ct	92	92½
" 5 coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	103
Missouri 6 "	85½	85½
Ohio 6 " 1860	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	—	—
Virginia 6 "	—	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	—	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct new bonds	86½	—
N York City 6 pr ct	—	—

BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	120	130
Philadelphia	111	—
Far & Mec	57	58
Commercial	46	48
N Liberty	55½	60
Mechanics	26½	27½
Southwark	65	70
P Township	34½	35
Kensington	60	63
Girard	11½	11½
Western	60	60
Man & Mech	26½	26½
Commerce	62	65
Tradesman's	60	—
City	43½	42
Consolidation	23½	23½
Commonwealth	20	20½
Corn Exchange	20	—
Germantown	55½	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	58	58
Exchange "	55	—
Kentucky Ky.	111	—
Northern "	116	—
Louisville "	106	109
Farmers "	100	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	100½	101
Pantera "	102	—
N O Gas Light	132	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	21	21½
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	½	1
New Grenada	½	1
N America Ins'ance	12½	—
N Liberties Gas	22	—
City Passenger R R	50	51

RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS	Bid.	Asked.
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	93½	100
2nd " "	93½	93½
" stock	42½	42½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds	99	99½
" stock	—	—
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	76	77
mort 6's '44	88½	91
" " '86	68½	70
stock	24½	24½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	82½	—
stock	—	—
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	21½	22
6 pr ct loan '80	99	—
Ches Val R R 6's	78	85
Tioga R R 6's	90	—
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	70	—
2d "	48½	49½
stock	11	11½
Catawissa	6½	7½
Beaver Meadow stock	53½	54
preferred 10 pr ct loan	—	—
North Penna R R stock	8½	9
6 pr ct loan	59½	60
Phil

HOW THE TELEGRAPH OPERATES.

A ribbon of paper is enrolled from a hollow cylinder or drum by a train of clock-work, and as it is enrolled, a sharp style, magnetically directed, indents a series of dots or lines upon the paper. When the style is thrust down only for an instant, as the paper is dragged beneath, a *dot* is impressed. When it is kept down for a little more than an instant, a lengthened line or *dash* is left on the onward moving paper as a track. But how is the style thus magnetically controlled? It is held up by a strong spring. Beneath it there is a soft iron bar, which becomes a magnet whenever a voltaic current is turned on from the local battery along a coil surrounding it. Whenever the soft iron bar becomes a magnet, it is stronger than the spring, and drags down the style to make its dot or dash, as the case may be. When it ceases to be a magnet, the spring comes into play and lifts the style up, so that the paper traverses on beneath, traceless and free. The style is held down an instant, or more than an instant, accordingly as an instantaneous or as a prolonged current is sent from the transmission coil, and therefore from the local recording battery through the short circuit, for as it has been seen the two will be in magnetic and electrical rapport, although severed by the Atlantic's breadth.

There will be only one conducting strand laid down in the Atlantic, but yet enough distinct signals can be transmitted by this one wire to accommodate all the letters of the alphabet and the several numerals. When a message is sent across the Atlantic, the crank-handle of the mighty battery will be worked backward and forward, making its contacts instantaneous or prolonged. When they are instantaneous, dots will be formed on the paper by the recording style at the other side of the Atlantic; when they are protracted, dashes will be traced there. Words will be spelt according to the way in which instantaneous and protracted contacts, and therefore dots and dashes, are caused to succeed each other. The trace on the paper in America will correspond to the movement of the hand in Great Britain, or *vice versa*. The clerks who attend at the recording instrument become so expert in their curious hieroglyphics, that they do not need to look at the printed record to know what the message under reception is; the recording instrument has for them an intelligible articulate language. They understand its speech. They can close their eyes and listen to the strange clicking that is going on close to their ear, while the printing is in progress, and at once say what it all means.

RAREY ON "BLINKERS."—Mr. Rarey having been asked his opinion with regard to the use of "blinkers" on horses, replies in a communication to the London Times, in which he states that his experience with, and observation of, horses proves clearly that "blinkers should not be used, and that the sight of the horse, for many reasons, should not be interfered with in any way." Horses are only fearful of objects which they do not understand or are not familiar with, and the eye is one of the principal mediums by which this understanding and this familiarity are brought about.

They can be broken in less time and better without blinkers, and driven past objects which usually startle them, with far more safety when the eye has an opportunity to examine the object fully. The horse is a better judge of distances than man, and if allowed the free use of his eyes, would avoid collisions frequently caused by the carelessness of his driver. Mr. Rarey states that the use of blinkers is rapid'y disappearing in the United States, and predicts increased usefulness in the horse when this "folly of the nineteenth century" is abolished in London.

COTTON SEED OIL—A GREAT DISCOVERY.—The manufacture of oil from cotton seed has been carried on to some extent for several years, but the process of clarifying the oil so as to fit it for illuminating or lubricating purposes has attracted the attention of those skilled in chemistry for a long time, but all attempts have failed up to within the last few months. The Cincinnati Price Current, however, says:

Mr. Davies of this city has, we have no doubt, at length solved the problem. A sample of this oil prepared by him has been in our possession the past week, and we, having tested its illuminating properties thoroughly, feel no hesitation in saying that it gives a light far clearer and brighter than lard oil; does not crust or gum the wick, and is freer than any other oil from any disagreeable odor while burning. We regard Mr. Davies's discovery as a most important one, the value of which cannot be well estimated in dollars or cents. We learn the process is at once cheap and simple, increasing the cost but a trifle, as the article, when clarified, is sold at 90 cts. per gallon. It will remain liquid at as low a temperature as the best sperm.

SATISFACTORY CORRESPONDENCE.—It was reported not long since, that Dr. Rink, a Danish savant, had doubted the correctness of Doctor Kane's discoveries at the head of Baffin's Bay and the northwest coast of Greenland, in a paper read before the British Geographical Society. Mr. John Jay, Secretary of the American Geographical Society, immediately wrote to Sir Roderick J. Murchison, President of the British Society on the subject, and has received a most satisfactory answer, imputing the erroneous version received in this country to the very inaccurate report of the British Society's proceedings. Sir Roderick expressed the highest regard for the late Dr. Kane, and for American geographers in the aggregate.

THE COST OF THE CABLE.—The cost of the cable laid between Ireland and Newfoundland is given as follows:

Price deep sea wire per mile,	$200
Price spun yarn and iron wire per mile,	265
Price outside tar per mile,	20
Total per mile,	$485
Price 2,500 miles,	$1,212,500
Price 10 miles deep sea cable, at $1,450 per mile,	14,500
For 25 miles short end, at $1,450 per mile,	31,250
Total cost,	$1,258,250

FROM UTAH.—Capt. Dickinson, the Quarter-Master of the army, had issued proposals for timber and materials for building a fort in Cedar Valley, which, when completed, will be occupied by General Johnston, in command of the 10th infantry, Phelp's battery and the second dragoons, as the head-quarters of the Utah forces.

The 6th infantry has been ordered to Oregon to reinforce Col. Steptoe. The battalion of volunteers under command of Col. Bee, left on the 19th ult. for Fort Leavenworth, when they will be mustered out of the service.

THE TELEGRAPH TERMINI.—Bull's Bay, or Baboul Bay, is a bay on the east side of Newfoundland, in lat. 47 25 N., lon. 52 20 W.

Valentia, or Kinmore, a picturesque island off the west coast of Ireland, 7 miles long and 2 broad, is separated from the main land by a strait, a mile and a half in breadth, and contains the most westerly harbor in the British Isles. The harbor is deep, capacious, and land-locked and has lately attracted considerable attention, as the proposed westerly terminus of railway communication, and principal station for Atlantic steamers.

TEN days after the telegraph fleet had sailed, on the last fortunate attempt to lay the cable, the £1,000 shares of the company were offered, on the London Stock Exchange, at £290 to £300 each—but *there were no buyers*. No one dreamed that this last effort would succeed. It will be singular should shareholders, who were compelled to hold on to their stock because nobody would purchase, eventually realize largely by the enterprise.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

DROPSY.

A specific for this disease may be had in Jayne's Alterative, as it has cured in almost every case in which it has been used.

CEDARBURG, *Ozaukee Co., Wis.*, *April* 26, 1858.

DR. D. JAYNE:—

Dear Sir:—I am a stranger to you, but cannot withhold my thanks for the great benefit produced by your Alterative and Sanative Pills. The cure which I will relate has not been surpassed in the history of your Medicines. A German lady, the wife of a miller in the Cedarburg mills, was taken with Dropsy; the first severe attack being about a fortnight after her accouchement. The physician who attended her was called, and at the expiration of two weeks, pronounced her case hopeless, with defect in her kidneys. Another was obtained—this one was sanguine of curing her, but after two months daily attendance, his skill was baffled, and a third was called, but again with no effect. At this time, she was horrible to behold: her face and head swelled to twice the natural size, her body as large as a barrel, and her limbs of a corresponding size; her tongue was swollen and eaten with ulcers, preventing her from taking nourishment except it was given in a teaspoon. This is but a feeble description of her appearance. My wife visited her, and although expecting to see her as described, the sight of the sufferer was such that she had to retire, and did not recover from the shock for several days. At this stage she was apparently hovering between life and death: for three days her husband was constantly with her, expecting a dissolution every moment. Although chided by the physicians, I recommended your Alterative; one bottle was taken with benefit, and this induced them to continue. After taking three bottles, the swellings of the head and face began to abate; when six bottles had been used, the swelling of her person gradually reduced, and blotches appeared on her face, arms and legs; when one dozen bottles had been taken, it brought out on her legs lumps as large as a pigeon's egg, which broke and discharged a watery humor, and at twenty-eight bottles the disease appeared to be nearly eradicated, and the husband desired to discontinue the Alterative, on account of the expense; they continued to give it but only in small doses, when she again commenced swelling, as if the disease had resumed its full vigor, and doubts were entertained about effecting a cure. They became discouraged and gave up all hope. I however persuaded them to give full doses, and to try a week or two longer, which they did and the disease was again subdued. The medicines was continued until forty-six bottles was taken together with sixteen boxes of the Sanative Pills. And now, under the favor of a Divine Providence, she is able to attend to her household duties, and shows as healthy an appearance as in youth. I have thus narrated the honest facts for the public good, and after expressing to you the heartfelt thanks of the one your medicines restored to health,

I remain, yours, respectfully,
JOHN DAY,
M. E. Local Preacher.

CEDARBURG, *Wis., April* 26, 1858.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON:

Gentlemen—I can substantiate all the facts contained in the above certificate. The physician who attended the person previous to the use of the Alterative, informed me that hereafter he would cheerfully recommend your medicine in cases of this kind.

Yours, respectfully,
WM. VOJENITZ, Agent.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, and may be had of their agents throughout the United States. aug14-3t

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 777 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₩ lb	10 a12
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	$3 a3½
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcase	8 a 9
Plates and navels corned	8 a10	Veal.	
Tongues, fresh	65 a75	Fore quarter, ₩ lb	8
Leg, each	31½a37½	Hind "	10
Shin	20 a25	Chop	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ₩ lb	5 a 8	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ₩ lb	14 a16	Pork.	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Salt and fresh, lb	10 a12
Hind "	1,00a1,25	Feet, ₩ set	18¾a25
Chop, ₩ lb	10 a12	Trips, ₩ lb	4 a 8
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard	10 a12
		Hams, sliced	15 a16
		Bologna sausages	16 a20

VEGETABLES.

Lettuce, ₩ head	2 a 5	Carrots, dozen	10
Onions ₩ rope	12	Do do, ₩ lb	6 a 8
Bermuda potatoes, ₩ basket	1,25	Corn pot's, ₩ bus	1,00a1,37½
New pot's (N J), ₩ bus	$1,00a1,25	Onions, bus	90
Sweet potatoes ₩ lb	6¼	Egg plants, each,	12 a18
Corn, ₩ basket	67½a1,12	Tomatoes, ₩ basket	37½a87½
		Sqnashes, ₩ basket	37½a62½
		Cabbages, ₩ head	6 a10

FRUIT.

Apples, ₩ bbl	2,00a2,50	Cantelopes	6 a12
Do ₩ pk	25 a31	Huckleberries ₩ qt	12
Peaches ₩ basket	81½a2½	Blackberries	12a15
Watermelons	87½a46		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ₩ pair	50 a87	Chickens, ₩ lb	10 a12½
Chickens, ₩ pair	75 a1,25	Sqb Pig'ns, pair	25 a37

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ₩ bbl	50 a75	N Y do, ₩ bbl.	10,00 12,00
Do. do N	16,00a20,00	Terrapins (Chesa & Del)	4,00 a6,00
Morris River Cove, ₩ M	10,00 a12,00	Lobsters, lb	10
		Clams, M	2,00a3,50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	20 a25	Salt do, lb	2½
Roll "	16 a20	Mackerel	10
Eggs, doz	16 a18	Sm'k'd Herring, bunch	6
Codfish	5 a 8	Honey, lb	20 a25
Dry Cod	4 a 6	Sauerkraut, cake	2
Halibut, lb	12½	Salmon lb	25 a31
Blue Fish, lb	12	Sheep head	12

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 14, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
Relief notes	½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Crawford, Tioga and Shamokin	no sale	Solv bks	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	Solv bks	1 to 5 dis
DELAWARE.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	All bks	uncertain
MARYLAND.		LOUISIANA.	
Baltimore	½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis	OHIO.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	KENTUCKY.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	INDIANA.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		State bank	1 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	ILLINOIS.	
VERMONT.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	MISSOURI.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	TENNESSEE.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old banks	3 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	MICHIGAN.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	WISCONSIN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	1 dis	TEXAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	5 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	CANADA.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	1½ to 2 dis		

LADIES! LADIES!

Are you afflicted with *Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Want of Energy, Weakness, Dizziness, or Sick Headache?* Read the following:

J. M. BULSTRODE, Doylestown, Pa., June 2, 1853, says:—"My wife has been afflicted with a Nervous Debility since September, 1851, since which time I have been unable to find any physician or medicine that would benefit her in the least, until one day I called at the store of Dr. Harvey, of this town for some tincture of iron, and described to him the afflictions of my wife; he then handed me a lot of papers to read, among which I found one describing Hoofland's German Bitters, I immediately procured a few bottles from him, and am pleased to state that the use of the Bitters has done more good than all the medicine she has heretofore taken. I wish you to send me a half dozen bottles."

These Bitters are prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and are sold by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle. Be sure and get *Hoofland's German Bitters*.

A DISTRESSING COUGH CURED.

DEAR SIR—A few weeks since I had a distressing cough; my throat was very sore and inflamed, and I procured a bottle of Perry Davis's Pain Killer of you, and it has *entirely* cured me. I have also seen it used in cases of toothache and ague in the face, with the most beneficial effects. I believe it to be an indispensable medicine, and shall recommend it to my acquaintance.

C. W. BANKS, La Port, Ind.

This may certify, that my wife was for some time very much afflicted with a violent cough, which reduced her so much that she was unable to enjoy a moment's rest, day or night, and by the use of one bottle of Perry Davis's Pain Killer, she was entirely relieved, and now enjoys good health. I consider it one of the best family medicines in use.

F. K. BELANGER, Perrysburgh, O.

Sold by druggists and all dealers in family medicines.

FOUND AT LAST, a remedy that not only relieves, but cures Consumption and its numerous satellites, which revolve about it in the shape of coughs, colds, influenza, bronchitis, &c. This remedy is Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. CHARLES BROOKS, of Bucks county, to Miss SARAH A. SWARTS, of this city.

On the 24th of Feb. by the Rev. G. A. Durborow, Mr. JOHNSON HUGHES, to Miss JANE DAVISON, of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. LEONARD F. SOMMERS, of Peoria, Illinois, to Mrs. ANNA L. WIDDIS, of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. A. Cookman, Dr. H. W. MARBOURG, of Johnstown, to WILHELMINA R. WRIGHT, of Philadelphia.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. JOSEPH H. WRIGHT, to Miss BERTHA L. GAUL, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. T. C. Yarnall, WILLIAM BETTERTON, to CATHARINE HAMILTON.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. John W. Arthur, Mr. SAMUEL GIVEN, to Miss JANE GRAHAM, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr BENJAMIN MARSHALL, to Miss SARAH N. WILLIAMS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Trenton, on the 8th instant, WILLIAM B. MOUNT, aged 24 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. MARY FURY, aged 96.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. CAROLINE ROSENCK, aged 44 years.

On the 9th instant, JOSEPH W. HALE, of Portland, Maine, aged 44 years.

On the 6th instant, at Burlington, N. J., WILLIAM I. FOSTER, aged 51 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. ANN E. R. BLADEN, aged 70 years.

On the 8th instant, SARAH, wife of Andw. Zell, aged 61 years.

On the 8th instant, ANGELA TOBE, wife of Christian Hulseman, aged 66 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. MARY A. wife of Gilbert Madara, aged 70 years.

On the 6th instant, MARTHA S. relict of the late Jos. B. Green, aged 79 years.

On the 6th instant, ANNA M. daughter of Jos. Hanfe, aged 17 years.

On the 7th instant, MAGDALENA, wife of the late Andrew Ruth, aged 66 years.

On the 6th instant, ALEX. DONLEVY, aged 26.

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Cookery, Domestic Economy, &c.,	Natural History,
Dictionaries and Lexicons,	Odd Fellowship & Freemasonry,
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The Great Invention of the Day is the "OLD DOMINION" COFFEE POT, in which Coffee can be made without the least loss of aroma. Even ordinary Coffee in one of these pots makes as good a drink as the best old Java in such as are commonly used. Wherever introduced, they have given the most complete satisfaction, and the demand from all parts of the United States is large, and rapidly increasing.

Dr. Hall, of New York, in his *Journal of Health*, for July, 1858, says:

"We commend the 'OLD DOMINION' COFFEE POT to all lovers of good Coffee, as we personally know that it is one of the 'new things' offered to the public in which no imposition is practiced, and which has the double vouchers of science and common sense."

The New York Atlas says: "We unhesitatingly pronounce the 'OLD DOMINION' *the* thing. Its management is so simple that a child can use it, and it saves one-fourth of the cost of making it in the old-fashioned way."

The New York Mercury says: "Virginia, which has supplied us with several Presidents, now steps forward and furnishes us with the very best kind of a Coffee Pot that was ever invented. We speak by the card."

The New York Day-Book says:—"The well known French 'biggin,' which American travellers usually bring home with them, is worthless by the side of the 'Old Dominion,' and we doubt if there can be such perfect Coffee beverage produced, the world over, as this invention places on our breakfast-table daily."

The editor of the Christian Register, Concord, New Hampshire, who has been luxuriating in the delicious beverage which the "Old Dominion" always produces, says: "Not such Coffee have we tasted since we drank it at the world-renowned Hippocrene of this inspiring beverage, the Cafe des Mille Colonnes, in Paris. This instrument of philosophy may be obtained," &c.

The New Yorker says: "The 'OLD DOMINION COFFEE POT' is decidedly a great institution, and should at once be voted into every household in the land."

"Its praises are in every woman's mouth."—*Springfield Republican.*

"We would not give up our 'OLD DOMINION' for four times its price, if another could not be obtained."—*Home Magazine.*

The New Yorker thus indorses the 'OLD DOMINION': "It gives us the entire strength as well as the grateful aroma of the berry, and by its simple construction is easy of use, always in order, and furnishes good Coffee at one-fourth less cost than the old and unsatisfactory method of boiling."

"The draught which it makes is nectar, compared with that of the old-time coffee-pots."—*Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican.*

The Lady's Book says: "The 'OLD DOMINION' is, beyond question, the best coffee-maker ever introduced to the public, and the only one by which all the strength and virtue of Coffee can be extracted by boiling without the loss of aroma. The arrangement of the boiler is simple, ingenious, and on accurate scientific principles. We commend it with the full knowledge that it will do all that is claimed for it."

The editor of the New York Day-Book says: "The economy of the affair is not its least merit, as it extracts the essence of the berry so completely that one quarter less of the Coffee used generally, produces that luxury in a degree of perfection never hitherto reached."

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Wit and Humor.

A FASHIONABLE LADY AND HER FALSE TEETH.

Lady S——, now at Paris, who is well known in the fashionable world of London for her great beauty and accomplishments, has been compelled for the last few years to have recourse to the talents of the celebrated dentist, in order to repair the injuries which time, until the advent of this very dentist, had rendered irreparable. It seems that Lord S—— never dreamt of such a thing as a *faux ratelier*, forming part of the charms and graces which still hold his soul captive in the person of his lovely wife. The bill from the dentist came in while Lord S—— was present. The poor lady, finding no other means of concealing the horrid truth from my lord, boldly denied the debt, and sent the messenger empty away, fully intending to take advantage of the first moment of liberty to run out unseen and discharge it, as she had hitherto done. But the dentist himself had grown so nervous about his money that, in less than an hour, he appeared himself before the astonished Englishman, to claim his fee; whereupon the indignant husband thrust the impertinent claimant neck and crop out of the apartment.

But so well-dressed a man as the dentist was not to be conquered in this way. The next morning, while at breakfast, the conjugal couple were vastly bewildered by the entrance of a gentleman, followed by two huissiers, who concluded his preface of compliments and regrets by the proffer of a modest request, that Lady S—— would open her mouth wide enough for him to look down her throat! Fancy the storm of indignation raised in the bosom of the Englishman! He raised his gold-egg spoon, with which he was at the moment armed, with a gesture of horror—my lady burst into tears—her falsehoods were all discovered—she had no more in store to cover them. She owned, blushingly, to Lord S—— that she really stood responsible for the debt. "Not myself, of course, my love; it is for Lady P——, who has worn false teeth for ages, and does not wish her husband to know it.—She bound me to secrecy, or I should have told you at first."

What could be done? Lord S—— grumbled slightly at the imprudence of his wife, but laughed so heartily at the ridiculous position of Lord P——, who didn't even know that his own wife wore false teeth, that he signed the draft for the money before he was aware of what he was doing.

STANDING ON ETIQUETTE.—Those who are termed "simple-minded people," adopt a curiously innocent mode of expression occasionally, which comes so near art, at times, as to render its simplicity doubtful.

We heard of a young married couple—from the country, of course—who recently attended an exhibition of "Dissolving Views." The bride, being pretty, attracted the attention of a stylish looking city gent, who happened to occupy the same seat with the twain. During the exhibition, the audience part of the hall being already obscured, by some accident the light was entirely extinguished. Pending its recovery, which occupied some little time, the city gentleman (perhaps accidentally) gently pressed the hand of the bride, who was too much alarmed to offer resistance. This bold act was followed by a bolder, certainly not accidental, for the city Lothario absolutely kissed the bride! This was too much, and the young wife resolved to tell her husband, which she did when the following whispering colloquy took place:

"John."

"What!"

"This feller here's kissing me."

"Well," said John, who was a little shy of the citizen, "tell him to quit."

"No, John, you tell him."

"Tell him yourself."

"No, John, I don't like to; you tell him. *The gentleman's a perfect stranger to me.*"

JUDICIAL HUMOR.—The Law Review gives the following as some instances of the humor of the late Mr. Justice Maule:—"May God strike me dead, my lord, if I did it," exclaimed a convicted prisoner on the announcement of the verdict; for a marked space the judge sits in an attitude of expectation, jury and spectators wondering what next; at last he breaks the silence: "As Providence has not seen fit to interpose, the sentence of the court is," &c.

"You have already read that section four times, Mr. ——; it's iteration; it's ——, I use no epithet, it's iteration!" with a look that implies an anathema.

A city policeman states that he is in the "lien" (N division). "Do you mean the poultry?" inquires the judge.

"Out with it, the ladies don't mind it, and you needn't be afraid of me," was his exhortation to a hesitating witness, in a case from which it might have been expected that the softer sex would long since have retired, but which they were manfully sitting out, while the evidence grew hotter and hotter, and at last reached its climax.

ECCENTRIC TEXTS.—Paley's text when preaching before the dons of Cambridge, on a day when Pitt, then Premier, happened to be present: "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?" There is a good story of a clergyman, who, having hated especially a deceased member of his congregation, refused obstinately to preach his funeral sermon, but, being hotly pressed, at last consented. "When the time came for the delivery, to the astonishment of the congregation, the text was announced with some vehemence, and with a strong accent on the offensive word, 'And the beggar died!' Luke xvi. 22."

☞ THE FORCE OF HABIT.—A counsellor during the Reign of Terror sometimes fell asleep on the bench. One day, the president gathering the votes of the court, and coming to ask his, he answered, starting out of his sleep, and not being quite awake, that his opinion was the man should be beheaded. "But the business is about a meadow," said the president. "Let it be mowed then," replied the counsellor.

A SCENE AT A NEGRO CHURCH.

Old Isaac's sermon was decidedly successful. His hearers paid fixed and breathless attention throughout, breaking forth occasionally into expressions of assent, or giving vent to their feelings in a well-remembered line of some cherished hymn, as he dwelt with rapture and with streaming eyes on the unutterable glories of Heaven. It was the first of a series of sermons that Isaac proposed to preach to them in accordance with their invitation. In announcing his acceptance of the invitation, he remarked:

"After der most serous debilitation, I have finally 'cluded to preach der word unto yer. I don't ax you nary thing for my preaching, but as it cost me something to come so far, and as I has no horse nor mule to fetch me, and as I am consequenchly obligated to hire one of a white individual what lives in dat neat white-washed house just der oder side of my mill, down by der hill der, which cost me one dollar, I have thought it best to ax you, my beloved congregation, to detribute one picayune apiece, and pay for my mule. I don't ask nary thing for my preaching, only for my mule. Mr. Steward, you may pass your hat, or that of any other brother."

Josh, the steward, prepared to pass the hat, and the colored "gemmen" made sundry desperate attempts to pull out their wallets, some looking excessively surprised at finding no picayune within. One row of negroes "detributed" each the amount requested. When Josh pushed his hat over toward our party, we threw in more than enough to pay for the mule, wishing to remunerate Isaac somewhat for the preaching. You can judge of our surprise, when the hat was passed to the next row, to see a great black fellow deliberately turn the contents of the hat into his lap, coolly count them over, and having satisfied himself that there was a sufficient amount to pay for "der mule," thrust his own bit back into his pocket, and with a foolish grin toward us, passed the hat to the next. It is needless to say that no more picayunes were "detributed" after that *contre-coup*. The worst remains to be told. After the benediction, the luckless contributors rushed hastily forward, and withdrew their deposits, and even commanded Josh to keep in reserve all the surplus remaining after paying for "der mule."—*Cor. N. Y. Com. and Enq.*

A HIT AT THE LAWYERS.—Judge Jones of ——, Indiana, who never allows a chance for a joke to pass him, occupied the bench when it became necessary to obtain a juryman in a case in which L—— and B—— were employed as counsel. The former was an illiterate Hibernian, the latter decidedly German in his modes of expression. The sheriff proceeded to look round the room in search of a person to fill the vacant seat, when he espied a Dutch Jew and claimed him as his own. The Dutchman objected:

"I can't unsthand goot Englese."

"What did he say?" said the Judge.

"I can't unsthand *goot* Englese," he repeated.

"Take your seat," cried the Judge, "take your seat, that's no excuse; you're not likely to hear any of it!"

Under that decision he took his seat.

A GOOD ONE.—Billy P—— was making a journey in a stage coach, (insisting upon sitting outside with the driver) over the hilly roads in the western part of the State, and amused himself on the way by frequent resorts to the comfort of a mysterious black bottle which he had with him. Suddenly the coach came in contact with a large stone, which, without doing any other damage, deprived Billy of his equilibrium, and down he rolled on the ground. "Wot'n thunder are yer doing?" said Billy; "how came you to tip the stage over?" The driver informed him that the stage had not been overturned at all; and the passengers assured Billy that Jehu was right. Billy approached the vehicle again, and remounted slowly to his former seat outside. "Didn't upset, d'you say?" "Not at all," replied the driver." "Well, if I'd a knowed that," said Billy, "*I wouldn't ha' got off.*"

INNOCENT PLEASURES.—The Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, in an excellent address on "Mirth," remarked:—"For my part, I say it in all solemnity, I have become sincerely suspicious of the piety of those who do not love pleasure in any form. I cannot trust the man that never laughs; that is always sedate; that has no apparent outlets for natural springs of sportiveness and gaiety that are perennial in the human soul. I know that Nature takes her revenge on such violence. I expect to find secret vices, malignant sins, or horrid crimes springing up in this hot-bed of confined air and imprisoned space; and therefore, it gives me a sincere moral gratification, anywhere and in any community, to see innocent pleasures and popular amusements resisting the religious bigotry that frowns so unwisely upon them. Anything is better than dark, dead, unhappy social life; a prey to *ennui* and morbid excitement, which results from unmitigated puritanism, whose second crop is usually unbridled license and infamous folly."

HOUSE CLEANING.—There are women who clean house once a year, and it kills them till the next. It is no way to live either comfortably or happily, to allow the windows of the parlor to accumulate dust and dirt for a year, and then think a deluge of soap-suds will keep all things tidy till the trees leave out again. A little here and a little there is a much better rule, according to our notion. It puts us in mind of the fellow who could not see how people combed their hair every day, "he did it only once a week, and then it most killed him."

SYMBOLS: CHURCH-BELLING.—A lady, with whom we (*London Review*) have the honor to be acquainted, found some difficulty a short time ago, in keeping her countenance in the presence of a stately rector, who, having explained to her the symbolic teaching of the internal parts of his church, led her outside the door of the porch, and called attention to a dog's head, with a huge iron ring hanging from its mouth, which served as a knocker. "What may this teach?" inquired the lady. "Without are dogs," was the reply.

MISERIES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

JONES.—"I thought I warned you particularly, Cook, against boiling my eggs hard. Now, how is this? Here they are, boiled fit for a salad, in spite of every direction. What did I tell you?"

COOK.—"Oh! sir, I remember exakly what you told me, and acted according. The eggs was in the water, to a moment, precisely nine minnutes."

JONES.—"Nine! I told you three."

COOK.—"Yes, sir, but there's three eggs. Of course, if one takes three minutes boiling, three *must* take nine. I may be a fool, sir, but I happen to know what three-times-three makes for all that!"

[*Jones collapses—and suffers in silence.*]

Agricultural.

TREES ON THE PRAIRIES.

Mr. Suel Foster, of Muscatine, Iowa, writes to the *Country Gentleman* as follows:—

A few weeks ago, I saw inquiries by some one who has land in our State, as to the growth of forest-trees on the prairies, and the sugar maple in particular.

I have often seen the small sugar maple trees that had been transplanted from the forest, which seemed to grow equally well as at the east. This tree is quite a slow grower in any clime or soil where I have seen it, yet it is a very handsome shade-tree. It is found in many of our prairie groves, where the seed can be procured.

I have had some experience with tree-planting in Iowa. There are many varieties I would recommend before the sugar maple; yet I would recommend a few of these in the front yard, but be sure and plough up and cultivate a few years in flower or vegetable garden, that the trees may make twice or four times the growth they would in the grass-sod.

The most rapid growing tree we have, is the cotton-wood. Its leaf, and appearance of tree, and quality of wood, is very similar to the poplar of the American forests. It is found in all parts of the west along the streams, and in many of the prairie groves—is easily transplanted—will grow from pieces of root, and I believe it will grow from the cutting of the limb—its seed is ripe the first of June—is small as grass-seed—is carried on its cotton wings great distances into the prairies, and from these seeds trees are seen scattered occasionally over the fields of poor farmers, or along the fences occasionally of good farmers.

The first trees I would recommend to plant, are soft or white maple, elms, butternut, chestnut and black locust, (which I believe is identical with the yellow and white locust—is it not the same?) The white maple and elm are most beautiful shade trees, of rapid growth, and easily raised from the seed, which are easily gathered the latter part of May, and planted immediately. We have tried it this year at our nursery—the flower, the seed, and the young plant, all the same season—and in this way our young maples are some of them now twelve inches high. The elms are respectable little plants.

The butternut—I planted the nuts four years ago last spring—they are now eight to twelve inches in circumference, and as many feet high, with broad spreading tops. Several of them bloomed this year, but I have not seen any nuts growing upon them. Small trees which I took from the forest commenced bearing a few nuts in two years, and are now nearly as full as apple-trees of their size.

The chestnut is of slower growth. I planted the nuts three years ago last spring; they are now from two to four inches in circumference at the bottom, and six feet high. Some of them bloomed this year—but no nuts. The land is bluff, yellow oak land. My neighbor, Dr. Weed, has a large patch of chestnut-trees in black prairie land, which I think are twice the age of mine, and have made four times the growth, and are bearing nuts. The chestnut is not found native in all the prairie region.

The locust is a very rapid grower, and a valuable timber for strength and durability. I have seen them winter killed by the road-side, but not in the grove. The ailanthus, which the Tribune has recommended so highly, will winter kill as easy as a peach tree.

The whitewood of New York, which is the same as the yellow poplar of Ohio, etc., is a most beautiful shade tree. The hickory and the oak should not be omitted, though I have never planted the seed. The black walnut also should be planted.

Preserving Seed and Planting.—Locust seed may be gathered any time in winter or early spring—keep in a dry state and sprout them with hot water—and plant at corn-planting time. Nearly all tree seeds, *if kept in a dry state* through the winter, will be worthless to plant. They may be planted in the fall—but what I would recommend is to put them in clean, wet sand, in a box or keg, and bury them in the surface of the ground where they will freeze. A few for transplanting to the front yard or road-side, should be planted in drills and cultivated as corn. For a grove, in hills four feet apart, and rows eight feet, with a row of corn or potatoes between for two years.

This subject of tree-planting in the prairies I deem of such vast importance, that I hope you will pardon me for saying a few words more. I believe there is no field crop which will pay one-half the profit that a grove of timber, planted, cultivated, and cared for as a crop of grain. Besides the beauty, the utility, and the public benefit of a grove of timber—it is a shelter to man and beast from the scorching sun and the piercing winds of winter—a protection from the violent winds to the field crops, to the fences, to the orchards, and to the buildings.

Evergreens are becoming fashionable in many places in this prairie country. They are of comparatively slow growth, but they will in a few years grow up to good sized trees. Then they are a great defence against the wind. What beauty—what grand and exquisite beauty, we might here display upon the prairies with these evergreens—these trees and hedges—these fruits and flowers.

They who see no beauty in nature's living green—in each tree and plant, and flower and fruit—are fit only to view the dingy walls and dead works of man.

A NEW SPECIES OF COTTON.—Mr. Thos. Smith, who resides in the immediate vicinity of Richmond, has a small field of cotton which is considered a curiosity by all who have seen it. It differs but little in appearance from the ordinary kind, except in color, which is as delicately crimson as a maiden's blush. Not only is the stalk of this gorgeous hue, but the leaves also, the vividness of color fading, however, as it approaches the margin of the leaf, into a purplish green. This is not the effect of disease or of any extraneous circumstance connected with its culture, but a peculiarity in the plant itself, every stalk possessing the same rich and healthful glow, and as thrifty as any cotton in the country. Where the seed originally came from we have not as yet ascertained. The prospect of a heavy yield is equal to that of any other species, being well bolled, and the weed of vigorous growth. We were shown the lint of a few bolls, of last year's growth, and for fineness and length of staple we believe it not inferior to the sea island. If this cotton turns out as well as present appearances indicate, it will be a valuable acquisition to this branch of agricultural industry.—*Richmond (Va.) Reporter, July 24.*

THE GRASSHOPPERS.—In relation to the grasshoppers, the Texan Civilian says:—Some of our Northern exchanges express the fear that the grasshoppers which have been the source of injury and apprehension in Texas, will continue and multiply the advance until the visitation may prove calamitous to a large portion of the Union. We at one time felt something of this apprehension; but we now trust that their visitation is over. They left no eggs in Texas this year, and our western farmers think that they will not return for a long period. They frequently appeared, at long intervals, in the days of Spanish rule, in Western Texas. More than a hundred years ago they visited Massachusetts, and they have been known in other parts of the Union; but their peculiar home is on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, and it is believed that they only emigrate beyond that region in particular states of the wind.

TO MAKE DAMAGED HAY PALATABLE.—To those who have postponed their haymaking until the rains have damaged their crops, I would suggest a method by which the unpalatable stack may be rendered savory to all kinds of stock. In stacking adopt the well-known sprinkling of salt, and previous to the consumption of the hay by cattle, cut it with the chaff cutter, and then take one pound of molasses, mix it intimately with two gallons of water, and sprinkle this *con sacro* over seven bushels of the cut food. All animals will devour this compound with apparently as great a relish as the alderman does his turtle; and, moreover, soon exhibit a similar tendency to obesity by the indulgence.—*Corres. of London Field.*

BUDDING.—Now is the time to bud cherries, apples, pears, and plums. Select well-ripened and healthy wood from which to take the buds. A cloudy day is best, but not a wet one. Roses may also be budded now.—*Ohio Farmer.*

☞ A gentleman at a musical party, where the lady was very particular not to have the concord of sweet sounds interrupted, seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend, in a whisper, "How he could stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied the friend.

TANNING—A NEW DISCOVERY.—It has recently been discovered that we have growing spontaneously in great abundance all over the country, in every State and Territory in the Union, and, we believe, all over Europe, too, a hitherto almost worthless and very troublesome plant, but which contains an abundance of tannin." We are not informed what the plant is, but the discoverer, a Mr. Johnson, is said to have ascertained its properties after many years of careful study and experiment. By the new process he tans calf-skin in two and a half days, which formerly required from six to twelve months. The invention has been secured to the discoverer by letters-patent of the United States, and measures are taking to secure the same in Europe.—*Ohio Farmer.*

HOW SOUTHEY MAPPED OUT HIS TIME.—In associating with Southey, not only was it necessary to salvation to refrain from touching his books, but various rites, ceremonies and usages must be rigidly observed. At certain appointed hours only was he open to conversation; at the seasons which had been predestined from all eternity for holding intercourse with his friends. Every hour of the day had its commission; every half hour was assigned to its own peculiar undeviating function. The indefatigable student gave a detailed account of his most painstaking life, every moment of which was fully employed and strictly pre-arranged, to a certain literary Quaker lady. "I rise at five throughout the year; from six till eight I read Spanish; then French for one hour; Portuguese, next, for half an hour—my watch lying on the table; I give two hours to poetry; I write prose for two hours; I translate so long; I make extracts so long," and so of the rest, until the poor fellow had fairly fagged himself into his bed again. "And, pray, when dost thou think, friend?" she asked, dryly, to the great discomfiture of the future laureate.—*Hogg's Life of Shelley.*

☞ George Colman, getting out of a hackney coach one night, gave the driver a shilling. "This is a bad shilling," said Jarvey. "Then it's all right," said George, with his inimitable chuckle, "yours is a bad coach."

Useful Receipts.

RAW MEAT IN DYSENTERY.—Dr. Weisse, of St. Petersburg, first in 1845 advised the employment of the lean of raw meat, very finely minced, in the chronic diarrhœa of children, giving two teaspoonfuls four times a day. Since then the same practice has often been extended to various forms of obstinate diarrhœa with good effect. In the present paper, M. Pensa, now practising in Egypt, reports the benefit he has derived in several cases of severe dysentery occurring in the adults from the employment of raw, or nearly raw, minced meat, given in doses of from two to three ounces three times a day.—*Eclectic Medical Journal.*

GLYCERINE IN DYSENTERY.—M. Daude, a French practitioner, finds glycerine to be very beneficial in this disease. His prescription is one ounce of glycerine in five ounces of decoction of linseed, in an injection repeated twice a day, and two spoonfuls every hour of the following mixture: Glycerine, 11 drachms; orange flower water and water, equal parts, so as to make a five-ounce mixture.—*Eclectic Med. Journal.*

CURE FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.—A writer in the National Intelligencer says, that spirits of hartshorn is a certain remedy for the bite of a mad dog. The wound, he adds, should be constantly bathed with it, and three or four doses, diluted, taken inwardly during the day. The hartshorn decomposes, chemically, the virus insinuated into the wound, and immediately alters and destroys its deleteriousness. The writer, who resided in Brazil for some time, first tried it for the bite of a scorpion, and found that it removed pain and inflammation almost instantly. Subsequently he tried it for the bite of a rattlesnake, with similar success. At the suggestion of the writer, an old friend and physician tried it in cases of hydrophobia, and always with success.

HOW TO TELL BAD EGGS.—Of the many ways to tell bad eggs, I know of only one that I can put entire confidence in.

"If an egg will float it is bad," says one.—"If it is warm at both ends, look out for it," says another. "If it has not a clear look when you hold it against a strong light, have a care," says a third, and so on a half dozen ways beside. Now any one that has tried the first way, knows that a bad egg will sometimes sink; and as to the second plan, it is often difficult to tell in a fresh egg which is the warm end; and as to the plan of looking through an egg, I would really like to know what can be seen in the operation. But—

The true way to tell bad eggs is to put them in a pail of water, and if good they will *lie on their sides*, always; if bad they will stand on their small ends, the large ends always uppermost, unless they have been shaken considerably, when they will stand either end up. Therefore, a bad egg can be told by the way it rests in water—always end up, never on its side. Any egg that lies flat, is good to eat and *can be depended on.*—T. C. in *The Homestead*

TO MAKE TOMATO FIGS.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes in order to remove the skins; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as much sugar as you have tomatoes, and let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup, and boil and skim it until no scum rises. Then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand two days, as before, then boil and skim again. After the third time, they are fit to dry, if the weather is good; if not let them stand in the syrup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week, after which pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between every layer. Tomatoes prepared in this manner will keep for years.

TO BAFFLE MOSQUITOES.—The following remedy is a certain preventative to the attacks of mosquitoes, black flies, etc.: glycerine, four ounces, oil of spearmint, two and a half drachms, oil of turpentine, four drachms. The face neck and hands—in fact, all parts exposed, to be rubbed with the mixture.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 6, 4, 3, 12, is a missionary settlement on the coast of Labrador.

My 18, 28, 14, 20, 10, 23, is a town in Canada West.

My 9, 20, 12, 27, 20, 12, is a city in Europe.

My 26, 17, 2, 16, 21, 5, is a river in New Britain.

My 10, 5, 4, 15, 6, 29, 14, 24, 12, is a city in North America.

My 18, 30, 22, 17, 31, 6, is a city in the United States.

My 5, 8, 25, 16, 12, 28, is a city in the United States.

My 1, 9, 19, 11, 6, 20, 7, 22, is one of the United States.

My 29, 15, 7, 31, is a river in North America.

My 7, 24, 10, 5, is one of the United States.

My 15, 20, 8, 9, 5, 6, 13, is a country in Europe.

My 5, 12, 29, 20, 9, 16, is a country in Africa.

My 7, 12, 32, 7, 5, is a country in Asia.

My 15, 5, 28, 14, 11, is one of the West Indies.

My whole is a common saying.

Quincy, O. ALONZO G. K. LIVINGSTON.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 13, 22, 19, is a gulf in the Russian Empire.

My 16, 3, 24, 7, 21, is a city in Arabia.

My 17, 21, 11, 28, 17, 28, is a mount in Palestine.

My 28, 8, 7, 3, 21, is a city in Arabia.

My 4, 21, 28, 21, 6, 24, 30, 31, is a city in Syria.

My 28, 25, 11, 13, 17, 20, 8, is a division of Africa.

My 9, 3, 6, 1, 15, is one of the planets.

My 9, 5, 7, 10, 18, 25, 12, is a form of government.

My 21, 6, 2, 10, 18, is one of the twelve tribes of Judah.

My 14, 26, 13, 11, 19, 4, 21, is one of the United States.

My 7, 21, 12, 27, 1, 21, is a lake in New York.

My 5, 18, 19, 6, is the rainbow.

My 28, 17, 11, 7, 27, 18, 23, is one of the planets.

My whole was a wonderful event in the Christian Era. CHARLES O. SEARLES.

Dagget's Mills, Pa

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 18, 21, 9, 8, 4, is a goddess that presided over the chase.

My 3, 9, 6, 20, 2, is one of the planets.

My 1, 7, 23, is used for weighing.

My 10, 21, 12, 13, 4, is a town on the Mohawk river.

My 16, 22, is a river in Virginia.

My 17, 15, 19, 11, is to go out.

My 16, 14, 4, is a vegetable.

My whole was a celebrated Expedition fitted up by the Greeks. HAWK EYE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a nickname.
My second is a vowel.
My third is an animal.
My fourth is a pronoun.
And my whole is much used by bakers.

E. D. W.

ANAGRAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am but a small word,
Yet my meaning is great,
I've conquered great kings,
And decided their fate.

Transpose me, I'll bring
An insect to mind;
You have oft heard its name,
Though it's of a small kind.

Now transpose me again,
And I'll to your view
An article bring
That ought to be true.

Change my letters once more,
A verb then I'll be;
And if you'll endeavor,
Its name you can see.

Now if you have leisure,
My very dear Ma'am,
You can guess very quickly
This short anagram.

Pequea, Pa. A. E. HOWRY.

CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A leg of a toad stool.
A receipt in full of the dews of eve.
Nails from the claws of a hammer.
A map of the state of matrimony.
A knot from the board of foreign missions.
A pig from the pen that was mightier than the sword.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

TRIGONOMETRICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a certain right-angled triangle, whose three sides in one sum expressed measure 480 perches; the excess of the longest or hypothenuse side is 80 perches more than the shortest of the other two right-angled sides. What is the length of each side? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotzersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a dandy like a venison steak? Ans.—Because he's a bit of a buck.

☞ What word is there of five letters, from which, if you take away two, six still remain? Ans.—Sixty.

☞ When is the letter *a* like one of the United States? Ans.—When it is in Diana (Indiana.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL AND MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—The usurpation of Louis Napoleon. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful. CHARADE—Sunday. RIDDLE—Ox. CHARADE—Horse-shoe-nail.—ANAGRAMS—Ft. Madison, Fingah, Winterset, Newton, Knoxville, Glenwood, Peru, Magnolia, Charlton, Fairfield, Ft. Des Moines, Muscatine, Marion, Delhi. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—The oldest boy was 17 years; the next 16; the youngest 11.

☞ "I hope to live to see the day," said Lord Brougham, "when every peasant in England can understand Bacon." "Wouldn't it be better that they had a little bacon first?" replied Cobbett. Both would be good.